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THE METEOR.

We engrave herewith three fine pictures of the Meteor which was witnessed in this section of country on Friday, 20th, from sketches by Mr. J. A. Adams at Saratoga Springs, by Mr. Avery at Brooklyn, and Mr. M'Nevin on Long Island.

The phenomenon is stated on all sides to have been one of the most wonderful of the kind ever witnessed. It was seen at Washington, District of Columbia, and in Virginia; at Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and at Detroit, Michigan; in the mountains of Pennsylvania; throughout New England; and at sea, 200 miles east of the Bay of New York.

By this time several volumes have been written and printed in the newspapers on the subject. Astronomers professional and astronomers *dilettanti* have all had their say; and now that we have heard it, what do we know about the meteor?

First, as to its shape. We have before us the reports of some forty observers, who declare that they saw it from various points, ranging from the Great Lakes to Norfolk, and from Pennsylvania to Boston. Most of them describe it as "two large balls of fire." But observers at Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Newburgh, and Long Island say that there was but "one ball." An observer at Washington and others say that there were two balls connected; another at Norfolk describes it as "two dumb-bells tied together;" and another at Poughkeepsie says that it was in the shape of a "bar." A sharp amateur at Brooklyn says that it was composed of five balls; or, as an observer in Orange County puts it, "five distinct *nuclei*;" while another at New Haven is not disposed to admit that there were more than three, but allows that each had a distinct tail. At Philadelphia a leading authority saw "several distinct bodies."

Had it a tail? Several observers state that the meteor had a tail. Some, however, distinctly state that it had no tail, and was thus distinguishable from a comet. At Tarrytown a careful observer noticed a train of sparks following it, but separated from it; and most of the reports from this city confirm this view, though several do not. Those who deny the tail and say nothing about sparks, declare that it was followed by a train of smaller balls; which are variously stated at 2, 3, 5, and "several." At Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Albany, in Connecticut, and in Pennsylvania, observers declare that the meteor threw off pieces, which were luminous—some say with a loud report, others say noiselessly.

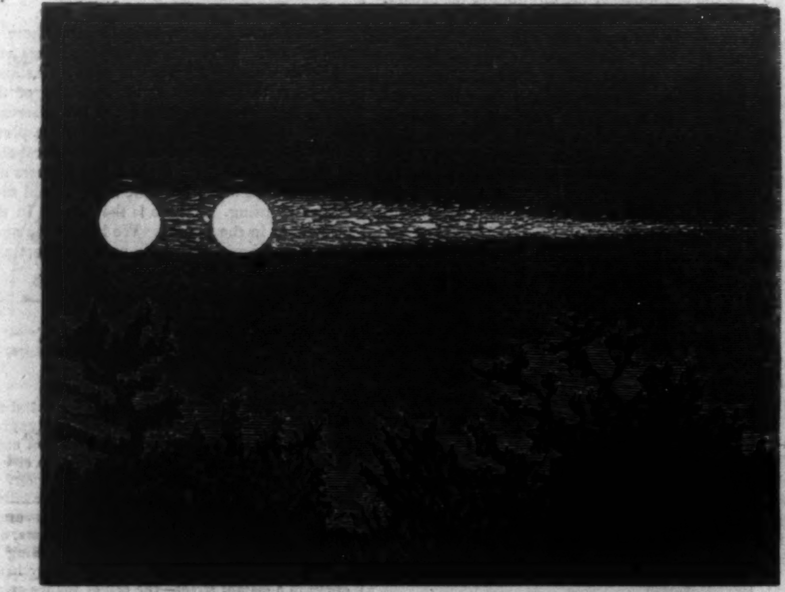
As to the size of the meteor proper, and the length of the train, tail, or series of satellites, opinions are vastly divided. Many observers thought it was the moon, as it was about that size; a sapient watchman in Albany remarked naively that the moon was traveling more quickly than usual that night. Others report that it was the size of the planet Venus; at Newburgh it was found to measure three feet in diameter; several observers say that it was "as big as a man's head;" while two declare that it was "the size of a man's fist;" and in Westchester that it was only three inches in diameter. The length of the tail was reported at Boston to be ten feet lineal measure; on Long Island the tail measured 200 feet; at Albany, it extended "several degrees in length."

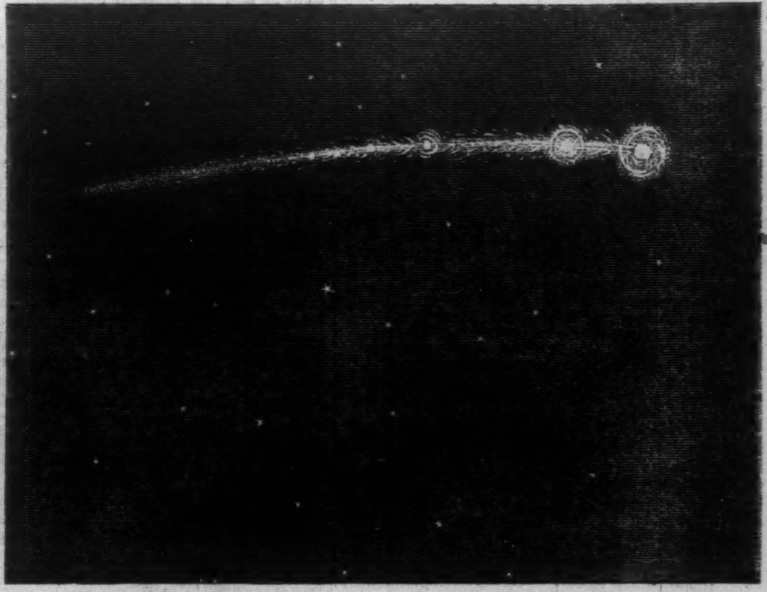
The color is as uncertain as the rest. On Staten Island it appeared red; red is also the color which met the eye of observers at New York, Buffalo, Hartford, and generally on the Hudson. But at Washington, District of Columbia, it was white; at Syracuse, New York, it was blue; in Jersey it was green; in Philadelphia, greenish; in Orange County, New York, bluish-white; on the Sound, silver and orange mixed.

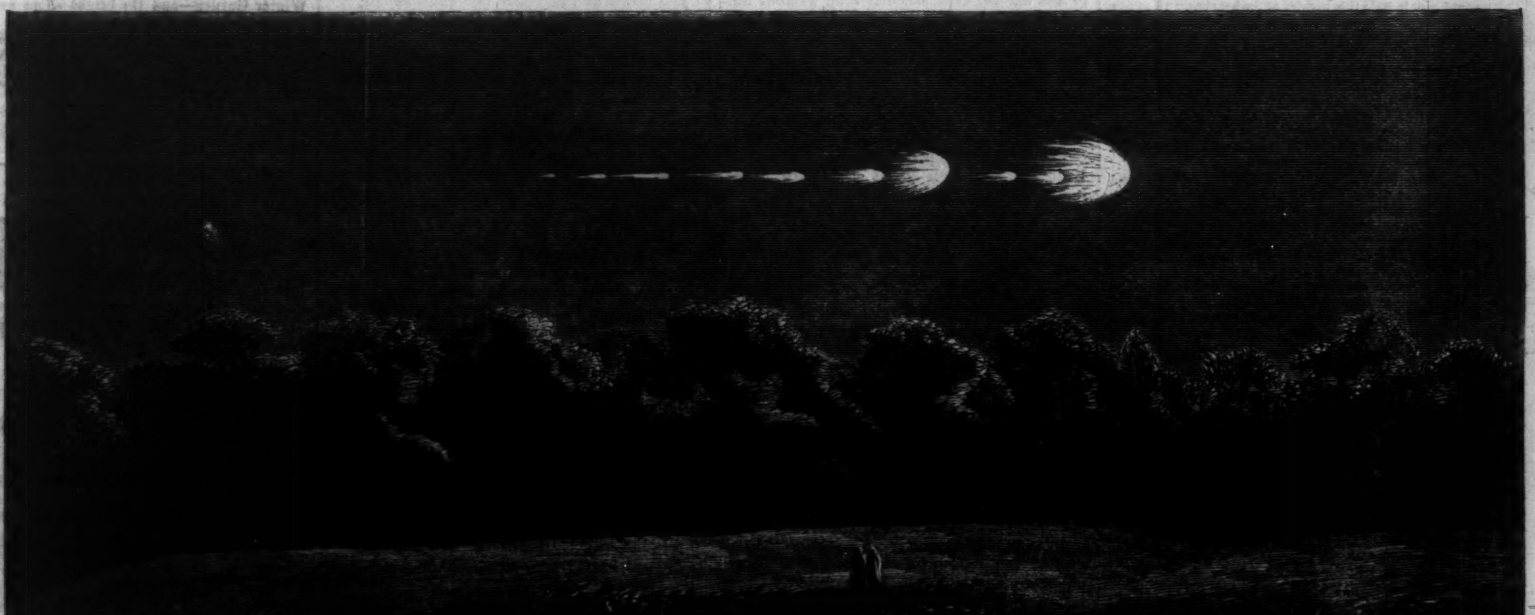
It will thus be seen that, so far as the cause of astronomical science is concerned, but little advantage can be expected from the popular observations of the meteor. This will not surprise scientific students. The power of accurate observation of physical phenomena is an art only acquired by study and practice. Despite the proverb, very few men can afford to trust their own eyes. To say nothing of color blindness, which is more common than is supposed, there are but few persons in the world whose eye sight is so quick, and whose memory of perceptions so sure as to enable them to report accurately, even after a brief lapse of time, an image which has been impressed upon and then suddenly withdrawn from the retina. We do not suppose that any one of the forty observers whose reports are before us desired to mislead the public; yet, as the body seen by them all was the same (for all agree as to time and the direction taken by the meteor), it is evident that not much more than half a dozen of them saw and remembered it correctly. We are fortunate in being able to lay before the public the report of some whose profession it is to observe such phenomena, and to record them for future study. The astronomer Mitchell writes to the *Herald*:

"Albany, *July* 21, 1860.

"The brilliant meteor seen by your correspondent at Brooklyn was seen at this place by several persons. One


THE METEOR OF JULY 20, AS SEEN BY J. A. ADAMS, ESQ., AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.


THE METEOR AS SEEN BY S. P. AVERY, ESQ., AT BROOKLYN.


THE METEOR AS SEEN BY J. M'NEVIN, ESQ., NEAR BEDFORD, LONG ISLAND.

member of my family saw it rise from behind a bank of low clouds, near the point where the moon had set. He thought it the fire of a balloon at first, but soon the light grew more intense, and when nearly due south the nucleus burst and presented a most splendid display. Two principal fragments, each followed by a train of light, and not more than two degrees apart, pursued an easterly course, while at the distance of about eight or ten degrees several smaller fragments, less brilliant than the first two, followed in a straight line east, with a faint train of light. I was sitting in the portico of my dwelling, which faces the east. My attention was attracted by flashes, like faint lightning, which were visible two or three times. I rose, walked to the north end of the portico, to look northwest for the cause of these flames. Seeing nothing, I turned to the east, and then saw that quite deep shadows were cast by objects near me in the yard, falling toward the north. I at once perceived the cause in the light of the meteor, as above described. I first saw it just under the southern star Antores, or about 27 degrees above the horizon, and pursuing a line nearly horizontal it passed under the planet Mars (which it greatly exceeded in brilliancy), and continuing its course toward the east, it finally disappeared, while yet some eight or ten degrees above the horizon.

"As persons in Brooklyn, looking north, saw this object rise in the west and proceed in an easterly direction, and as in Albany it was seen to the south, we can conclude that the object really passed between Albany and New York, and we shall doubtless find accounts from those who saw it directly overhead, or passing from the west through their zenith to the east.

"I had time to note the hour and minutes, and found that the meteor faded out at fifty minutes past nine.

"I saw during the evening several small meteors, and the number must have been very great, as two were noticed to pass the field of the comet-seeker in the course of some twenty minutes.

"In case we admit the meteor to have passed, as it probably did, about sixty miles south of Albany, its elevation must have been about twenty-seven miles; and in case it was set on fire by entering the earth's atmosphere, at such an elevation, it would have passed through about 870 miles of atmosphere, and, as I estimate, with a velocity of about ten miles in one second of time. Should any person have seen it in the zenith, the locality where it was thus seen will enable any one to compute roughly the elevation above the earth."

Mr. Lucien A. Kendall, late of the United States schooner *Fenimore Cooper*, on board of which vessel he was charged with the duty of making and recording meteorological observations, thus writes concerning the meteor, from Reading, Pennsylvania:

"9 45 P.M., July 20, 1860.—Wind west, and very light. No clouds to be seen, but misty to the northwest.

"Four brilliant meteors were seen suddenly to rise from an angle of about thirty-five degrees, about west northwest, and ascending about ten degrees. They pursued a [illegible] course in an east and southerly direction.

"The first two were of a brilliant and pale olive, leaving a [illegible] as they fell similar to that of a comet. The other two, a little distance astern, were of a purplish color, and without the wake.

"The whole thing lasted one and a half minute, and formed a beautiful appearance, creating in the minds of some of our good people here the impression that all hands were about to be 'piped up' in a very short time."

Mr. J. A. Adams, whose sketch appears on the preceding page, writes:

"The *double comet* or *meteor*, as it appeared at Saratoga Springs on the 20th inst., moved apparently about as fast as a sky-rocket, and seemed to be only about a quarter of a mile distant. It traveled from west to east, and was seen looking directly south. I supposed it passed only a little way above the tops of the trees. There were two balls, each about one-tenth or one-twentieth as large as a full moon, and as bright or brighter than that orb. The outlines of it were remarkably distinct and clear. Sparks appeared to shoot off in the rear of the balls, and follow in a train of considerable length; but I think it was not so, they were fragments of it following the greater masses. I saw no change of color, or any explosion."

Mr. M'Nevin, who supplied us with another of the sketches given on the preceding page, writes:

"From my point of observation (Deane Street, near Bedford, Brooklyn, New York) a broad, broken, meadow-like space slopes gently toward Pacific Avenue—between which and Atlantic Avenue a line of lofty trees still flourish. The avenues run from west to east, and this appeared the course of the sailing stars, and at the proportioned altitude you perceive in the drawing.

"The meteor sailed by slowly and horizontally against the wind, which was blowing then pretty freshly from the east. This circumstance dissipated my first idea, that it was the effect of fire-works. But no artificial light could ever imitate this wonder of the heavens. The light was indescribable—a mystic pearly-tinted radiance filled each moving globe; and they actually seemed intelligent—like eyes! And its reflected light upon the cold meadow was like that wonderful description of the Fairy Heaven of Hogg, in his trance of Bonny Kilmeny, in the 'Queen's Wake.' A startling, dazzling softness held you breathless as it passed by; and a painful sigh followed its departure, as if you beheld the last of some angelic intelligence pursuing its eternal messenger mission through the revolving planets.

"It was so long in passing—so stately, silently, and slowly—that one had a thousand thoughts; and leaping out to the grass, I followed it with my eyes, until, instead of vanishing in a meteoric flash, it actually assumed the appearance of being foreshortened! blending all the trailing globes into one reddish ball of distant flame, caused by its amazing distance from me, or by its entrance into a cloud; and I believe that it passed in this manner to Europe. And this deceptive foreshortening accounts for the appearance, at first, of only one globe, and its seeming separation into many."

Much has been written about meteors, but very little indeed is known on the subject. The popular theory, at present, among astronomers is that they are independent cosmical bodies, whose origin is unknown, and which revolve in space in obedience to the laws of gravity. Their number is supposed to be illimitable. The law of their orbits is undiscovered; we only know or believe that some 600 or 700 of them approach every year so near the earth as to detach portions of their substance, which fall, and are called "meteoric stones." Their size must of course be various; Olbers thought a mile in diameter a fair average. From the meteoric stones which have fallen from them, their substance is supposed to be chiefly iron, nickel, and olivin. It is conjectured that their rapid passage through the atmosphere, when they approach the earth, ignites their substance, and gives them the fiery appearance which is always observed. According to these theories, the meteor of 20th July is supposed by some astronomers to have been rather over a mile in diameter, and to have passed within twenty-five or thirty miles of the earth. To lay observers it did not appear to be over 500 feet from the ground.

It is rather disheartening to think that, after all our study, and all our observatories, we know so little of such common phenomena as meteors; but when we reflect that, only a couple of hundred years ago, the appearance of the meteor of July 20th would have been followed by general alarm, and that people throughout the country would have regarded it as the forerunner of pestilence, war, or famine, it will be perceived that the world has moved after all.

Summer Resorts.

Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 4, 1860.

THE CROPS OF 1860.

THE farmers are harvesting their wheat as far north as the southern counties of Wisconsin. From Southern Illinois to Southern Wisconsin, and throughout Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and New York, the crop is the largest ever harvested. Little or no mischief has been done by the fly in this and the adjoining States; and in the West, for the first time for many years, there has been no rust in the wheat. In Illinois, we are informed on good authority that lands which have yielded, of late years, seven or eight bushels to the acre, have this year given eighteen or twenty; and nearly as large an increase is reported in the yield of wheat lands in New York and Ohio. Altogether, we presume that the amount of wheat harvested this fall in the North and Northwest will be very considerably more than was ever garnered in any previous year. In Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Southern States, the want of rain has operated unfavorably on the wheat crop, and the harvest will be short. Happily, the country does not rely on these States for its wheat.

With regard to corn. Corn is a crop which does not need as much rain as wheat. What it requires is an open, fair season for planting in the spring, and a late frost for ripening in the fall. The former requisite has been vouchsafed: never, since corn was first planted in the Northwest had the farmers so fine a spring as in 1860. Hence the area of land planted was largely in excess of the average, and the crop is now fully one month in advance of that of last year. In Illinois and Iowa farmers count upon fifty bushels to the acre, and say that they will have nearly twice as much as usual to send to market; in other words, they will be able to supply all the Southern States with corn, will have enough to make it cheap at home, and will have, besides, a handsome surplus for export.

Cotton has looked uncommonly well till lately. The land planted would, under favorable circumstances, have justified the planters in expecting a crop of five million bales. Unfortunately, the recent drought has done some damage on the high lands, and a corresponding reduction must be made from the estimate. What extent of damage may have been inflicted by the dry weather nothing but the actual receipts at the ports can prove. The planters can afford to lose ten per cent. of their crop without falling much below the enormous yield of 1859. Should the fall frost be early, the picking season will be abridged, and a further reduction from the estimate will have to be made. Should it be late, as late as it was last year, the cotton crop of 1860 will yield more money to the Southern planter than even the crop of 1859.

Altogether, the productive capacity of the United States, both North and South, is going to astonish the world this year. There are those who complain that these staples of ours will not realize the profit they should, because the foreign demand is not as active as it was four and five years ago. Those who argue thus forget the first principle of political economy, which is, that the development of commerce and industry are in exact ratio to the cheapness of food. Where food is cheap, commerce thrives, industry expands, prosperity becomes general; where food is dear, trade languishes, manufactures decline, and the country at large suffers. An advance in breadstuffs in Europe implies a crop failure there, and involves an advance in the cost of food here, and also an increase of want and a diminution of commercial and industrial activity among the nations which are our commercial partners, and whose well-being is indissolubly linked with ours. A decline in breadstuffs secures cheap food not only to our own people, but to foreigners, and is the natural precursor of increased commercial energy and enlarged industrial enterprises.

Let no man dare to hope for higher prices for food. What the country wants is cheap food, and plenty of it; and that, thank God, we shall have this fall and next spring.

THE OUTBREAK IN SYRIA.

We devote a good deal of space this week to illustrations of the recent anti-Christian outburst in Syria, which has cost the lives of several thousand men, women, and children professing the Christian faith, and laid waste the fairest valleys of Lebanon. The aggressors are that peculiar race called Druses, whose faith is a mystery, whose origin is doubtful, whose means of living are uncertain; in fact, all that is certain about them is that they are lawless, faithless, and blood-thirsty. The victims have been Maronites—a sect of Christians peculiar to that region—members of the Greek Church, Catholics, and Protestants. The only sect assailed has been the Christians; but all branches of the Christian Church have suffered alike, and, for the time, the various anti-Christian sects seem to have forgotten their mutual hatreds to feed their common grudge against Christianity.

It is impossible to read the accounts of the affair without recalling to mind the premonitory symptoms of the outbreak of 1857 in India. There, as in Syria, the Brahmins and the Moslems forgot their mutual strife to engage in a crusade against the Christians; there, as in Lebanon, no distinction was made among the Christian sects, but all were assailed alike. From what has been written on the subject of the Indian mutiny, it would seem that the prevailing idea of the mutineers, before the outbreak, was that they were going to be proselytized by force. In Syria, two adverse opinions are said to prevail; one, that the great European nations are indifferent to the fate of the Christians of the East; the other, that those nations are going to force Christianity on Turkey. The former notion rests on the basis of the Crimean war, in which, according to Asiatic notions, England and France helped Turkey, a Moslem power, to beat Russia, a Christian power, and thus took the side of Islamism against Christianity. The latter rests on the *Hatti-Humayoun*, or edict of toleration, which was extorted from the Sultan shortly after the Peace of Paris. It is well known that the edict is very unpopular among the Turks. A clear-headed missionary wrote some time since that they regard it as the beginning of the downfall of the Mussulman faith, and predicted that they would not submit to its execution patiently. Furthermore, it is rather curious that, according to the most authentic accounts, the first idea of the Indian mutiny came from Syria and Arabia. It was from thence, we are assured, that those messengers started who traveled throughout Hindostan in the early months of 1857, calling upon the Mohammedans to rise and slay the infidel.

We are inclined to think that the Druse massacres will be found to have a common origin with the Indian mutiny. The worn-out religions of the Asiatic races are yielding on every side to the advancing march of civilization and Christianity; these violent outbursts of bloody rage are the natural precursors of the end.

In the mean time it may be hoped that France and England—which are mainly responsible for the defenseless position of the Christians in Syria—will now go to work with energy and vigor to protect those who are left. A few more weeks of inaction, and Beyrout and Damascus will share the fate of Zayleh and Rasheiya, and there will hardly be a handful of Christians alive in Syria.

THE AGONIES OF THE JAPANESE COMMITTEE.

It is reported that Alderman Boole is going to perform the "Happy Dispatch." The cause of the catastrophe is an application lately made by Mr. Chatfield for an injunction to restrain the Controller from paying $105,000 for the entertainments given to the Japanese, in which so many rowdies and shoulder-hitters are said to have participated. We submit that this Mr. Chatfield is an impertinent person, and that the memory of Boole should be kept fresh in our civic records.

Why should not the shoulder-hitters be fêted at the public expense? They bear the weight of our municipal government. They elect Aldermen, Councilmen, and Congressmen. While Gunnybags and Cotton Pork, Esq., are lounging in their drawing-rooms, or footing up accounts in their offices, the shoulder-hitters are busy with the affairs of the city. You find them at primary meetings, at ward committees, at ratification meetings, and, rather twice or thrice than once, at the polls. If any men have the public interest at heart it is they. Who, then, has a better right to the public moneys?

But one hundred and five thousand dollars! 'Tis a large sum, doubtless; but then think of the number of shoulder-hitters who rely upon the city for support! Why, the whole sum will hardly pay for a coat and a week's drinks for each of them.

This Chatfield says that the Aldermen not only sold tickets for the Japanese Ball, but bargained for a commission of thirty-three per cent. on their expenses here. Are there no gags left to stop this fellow's mouth? Is it to be endured that such scandals as these shall go abroad in an official form? Why should not the Committee have sold tickets? They owned them, and every body knows that they wanted money. It is all very fine for Gunnybags and Cotton Pork to growl now, but where was their growl when Boole and his fellow-committeemen wanted votes on the day of election? Was Gunnybags at the polls that day? Did Cotton Pork register his vote like a man? No—they were both "too busy." Gunnybags never votes: He considers that sort of thing beneath the notice of a bank director, and a man whose paper sells at six per cent. Let them eat the leek.

We hope, for our part, that the Committee will compel the Controller to pay the bill, and that the shoulder-hitters will get the reward of their labors. We are sorry for Boole; but we can promise him a handsome obituary, and some tax-payers, at all events, will drop a tear on his tomb.

WEST POINT STARVATION.

We have heard of no inquiry into the rumors mentioned in our last number with regard to the diet of the West Point cadets. We reiterate our statement that it is currently reported that the food supplied to the West Point cadets—the flower of our youth—is not nutritious, and often not wholesome; that the business of supplying to them is one of those contracts which require incessant supervision. Is any one going to look into the matter? Or are the authorities so busily engaged in politics that they have no time to inquire into a matter involving nothing more important than the health and life of two hundred of the finest young men in the country? Has Colonel Delafield nothing to say?

THE STEAM PLOW.

On a recent tour through the Western prairies we were rather surprised to find that the steam plow was comparatively unknown. Farmers had heard of such an implement; but they believed it was a mere ingenious toy, and broke their lands as of old with the horse plow.

There must be some mistake somewhere in this matter. Several dozen steam plows are, we believe, patented here and abroad. It stands to reason that, on the smooth prairies of the West, steam ought to be a much better servant for the farmer than horses. Either the plows which are patented are mere shams incapable of doing real work, or the Western farmers are neglecting an invention which they would save money by using. Where is the flaw? In the farmers or in the plows? We hope some agricultural authority will take up the subject and let the public know the facts of the case.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SEASON.

The pleasant part of the year is pleasantest every where. Even the city is never so really agreeable as it is in summer. Of course I do not mean the actual pavements and bricks, but the city as head-quarters—the city as residence—the city as a point of departure for the sea-side and the hills—and also the city as a place to stay in on summer evenings, when the people sit at their doors, and there is a murmur in the streets—a scuffling of young women upon the sidewalk—a drowsy hand-organ in a distant street—the cry of the ice-cream merchant—and a little way down town and a little way up the summer theatres—Niblo's, the Winter Garden—and the bright shops and loitering people.

The great point of the city in summer is comfort. You have your spacious room with the draught through from the front to the back of the house—you have the well-known sofas and lounges and bureaus—every thing is in its place, and there is plenty of it. Your shirts lie at ease in comfortable drawers: they are not jammed and folded into a trunk or bag; and the state of your shirts is typical of all that belongs to you. Every thing is still and at ease. There are no callers. The bell rarely rings. The parlors are dim and cool, and smell of distant countries in the odor of the straw matting. The candelabras—the chandeliers—the picture frames, are all softly obscured by cool-colored muslins. As you lie upon the sofa at full length, actually smoking in the sacred drawing-room, and thereby tasting the exquisite flavor of stolen fruit, you look around at the pretty masquerade, and the events of "society," the ball, the dress dinner, the "few friends," all float away into a dreamy distance, and you can smile at the good but deluded people who have carried all these things with them out of town, and are busily repeating a New York January in a Newport August. As you lie, lost in your own cloud, Edith over the way, who has also staid at home this summer, seats herself at the piano. The windows are all open. The moon shines into the quiet street, and the shadows of the trees checker the sidewalk. Across the street the rich chords of some of Liszt's "translations" of Schubert's songs float into your parlor. They are the songs of the summer night. They have all its fullness, its pathos, its mystery, its power. Do you understand German? She is playing "*Du bist mein bess'res Ich.*" How charming a summer evening is in the city! How sensible they are over the way not to go out of town!

In New York, indeed, we have no proper "season" in the summer as they have in London—a season charmingly described in a late number of *Once a Week* by the gay humorist who signs himself Gamma. In London the season of "society" is at midsummer. Then Parliament is met, and Gladstone makes speeches—then the opera usually double-headed, opens its siren mouth and sings—then fashion gives its prettiest *fêtes* by daylight upon English lawns ("Sir Walter Vivian, all a summer's day")—then Rotten Row is crowded with fair horsewomen and brave men—then the great concerts call to you, and at Chiswick and Kensington and Regent's Park the flower festivals unvail their gorgeous faces—then the pictures, including Mr. Holman Hunt's last, for which forty thousand dollars have been paid, take the field and the town—then that wonderful, delightful London "life" rises to its topmost sparkling point, and for him who stands upon it no city in the world is half so intoxicating and agreeable. "Oh me!" exclaimed a famous Englishman to the Lounger, as they sat dining at the Century one perfect May-day at the end of the month—"oh me! it is the end of May, and I am not in London!"

No; we are out of season when London is deepest in it. And in our climate, which has something of the ferocity of the Tropics, it is necessary that it should be so. The city is given over to comfort and coolness. The streets swarm by day, indeed, and you might laugh to hear that every body was out of town. But at nightfall so many depart by steamer and rail that the happy fellows who stay at home have a sense of relief which is itself a refreshment. You others, you poor fellows who are upon active duty at Saratoga and Newport—you have the sympathy of those who stand at ease. We are in undress here—and hope your dress-coats fit comfortably. We lounge about in slippers, and hope you find the snug boots pleasant. Yes, Tom smokes reclined at length in the cool airy parlor, listening to Edith playing across the street, and hopes that Dick and Harry are satisfied as they prance with the lovely Aurora down the dining-room of the "Ocean."

Doubtless they are. Certainly they ought to be. Let those laugh that win. But we began by agreeing that *all* pleasant places are pleasanter in the summer.

SHORT SKIRTS.

Walking up Broadway the other morning I met a very pretty modest-looking young woman who wore a "Bloomer." She was accompanied by a young man who carried an umbrella, which he held over her head. As they passed every body turned and laughed. The young clerks in the doors and windows winked at each other and smiled good-humoredly. The whole street was attentive and amused; but the pretty young woman passed along—it was in the very shadow of Trinity—not without blushing, but undoubtedly with the profound conviction that she was doing God service, and that, if she were martyred by the light look and laughter that followed her, she was at least martyred in a noble cause.

Nobody knows, who has not tried it, how hard it is to do what that young woman was doing; to make yourself so conspicuous by some eccentricity of appearance or conduct that the whole street stops to stare and smile. But what has a young woman gained who wears a short skirt and long trowsers in a day and country where every body wears long dresses? Is there any thing really heroic in practically protesting against a fashion which can not seriously involve principle or health? Granting that she finds hoops heavy—is not the derisive smile of the street heavier? Granting that there may be a little more comfort of body in short skirts, does not the inevitable mental discomfort of such a public attention entirely outweigh it? There is something which may justly be called ludicrous in conduct—is there not? There is a point when a protest becomes disproportioned. A man may gravely think that, as a matter of grace, the old Roman toga or the Greek tunic is preferable to our body-coats, and he may hold that grace is a subtle influence of civilization and virtue—that if he should, for that reason, go to Wall Street to draw his July dividends, clad in a toga and wearing sandals upon his feet—the effect of grace and refinement which he had in view would be entirely lost in the extreme ludicrousness of so unusual an attire. The abstract argument would not avail a moment against the hearty laugh of common habit.

In non-essentials, uniformity is the golden rule of wisdom and charity. A man who considers the cut of a coat as serious a matter as an oath to what he deems a false faith may be a very good and honest man, but he is certainly not a very sensible man. A man who would stand all day in the pillory rather than wear a blue felt hat, when he wanted to wear a brown felt, may be a very obstinate, but he is not a very wise man. His conduct indicates a want of common sense which would weaken his whole moral character and vitiate his influence.

Of course the case would be changed the moment the color of a hat or the shape of a coat became symbolic. If in Naples the friends of the little Bomba wore blue felt hats, and those of Garibaldi brown felt, and the distinction were recognized and understood, then the color of a hat is no more a non-essential—it is of the first importance; and the Garibaldian who should wear a blue hat would be guilty of falsehood and treason to liberty. He would be precisely as guilty as if he advocated the cause of Bombetta, and gave it his moral support. By encouraging the Government he incites it to shoot his comrades, and he is so far guilty of their death by wearing a blue felt hat.

But, oh pretty young woman in the short skirt and the long trowsers! walking, so painfully conscious, under the umbrella, there is nothing of all this in your case. Do you not observe the immense disproportion between what you are doing and what you wish to do? Do you think hoops ugly? Yes, but remember that fashion or habit is as potent as any other law, and you must withstand it by fun and ridicule or by serious argument. It is not enough for you to wear skirts without hoops, because that does not make hoops seem ugly, but it makes you seem supremely ludicrous. Observe, dear young lady, that long or short skirts, hoops or no hoops, are equally fashions, and a person who deliberately outrages a fashion does not hurt that but harms himself.

SICILIAN MATINS.

Garibaldi has a hard task. To rouse an oppressed people to recover their liberty, and to lead the way, is not so hard for a simple, ardent, heroic nature. But to teach a passionate people, who have been degraded by that long oppression, to govern themselves, or to maintain a patient waiting, without exasperating jealousies, is a work for the choicest and wisest of men.

Our own revolution was permanently successful because, by a happy combination of conditions, the government which was thrown off had not been, upon the whole, an oppression. It was the effort to make it so that precipitated the movement against it. It may fairly be questioned whether Washington himself could have extricated us safely from the hands of Britain and set us upon our own feet, if we had not been in the habit of standing on them, and kicked only when Britain tried to lift us off.

Moreover, to complicate the difficulty for Garibaldi, the great Powers are jealous. France wants Naples to be content with the Constitution of 1812. Russia has announced at Turin that if Austria marches again to the Mincio she will not march alone. Prussia nods assent to this threat. While Piedmont is so jealously watched that what she does must be done secretly. To help him, Garibaldi has nothing but the people of Sicily, the sympathy of Sardinia, and Lord John Russell, who recently said in Parliament that England would not depart from the great principle that the people had a right to choose their own government without interference. This, of course, is the true principle; and Louis Napoleon knows it, and loves it, when it gives him Savoy and Nice. But when it may give Sardinia Naples, he is not fond of it.

Yet why should Naples not go to Sardinia, if it wishes, as much as Savoy to France? The Emperor is stringent upon the point of natural boundaries. Can there be any question of the natural boundary of Italy? Russia complains of a new first-rate state, and the disturbance of the balance of power. But the Viennese doctrine of the balance of power can not be maintained in a new epoch. The Italians are one nation. They are one people, with the same language and traditions; and if they choose to bury sectional differences and plant the palm of national union, there is no right reason for any other nation to interfere.

Garibaldi's action agrees with Kossuth's principle. They are both determined friends of nationality as the basis of states. Their idea of the natural boundaries is truer than Louis Napoleon's, for it is not arbitrary. There is not a nation in the world more distinctly defined than the Italian. The effort of Garibaldi's, upon which the world hangs with such eager attention and kindling hope, is only an act in the great drama of the revolution of liberty in Europe. It has been seething in Italy for many years; but with every successive effort it reaches further forward. Each successive effort may fail, indeed, as the soldier drops before the breach; but his body is the helping stepping-stone of the one who follows, and at length the breach will be forced.

THE GEORGES.

The reader of the August *Harper* will find the first of Thackeray's lectures upon the Georges, which he first delivered in New York in the autumn of 1855, and which he is now publishing in his magazine. After the peculiar success of his course upon the English Humorists, in which he touched up the fading portraits of writers who were only a name or a memory to many people, with so kindly and fresh a color, there was great curiosity to hear the new lectures. The delivery of the first was followed by some slight feeling of disappointment. But when the necessary scope of the subject was remembered, there was greater pleasure, because there was no unfair expectation.

The Georges were not heroes, nor were they surrounded by heroes. In his first series Thackeray had treated of some of the most eminent men who adorned the Georgian era, and in his second the object was manners and not men; or as the full title he now gives to them explains, "Sketches of manners, morals, court, and town life." As such they are to be read and estimated. If you do not care to read about the Georgian morals and manners, very well. But it is marvelous good reading for all that. Please not to turn up your nose at venison as detestable food because you have no stomach for it. The lives of saints are by no means the most useful reading, nor is Cœlebs in Search of a Wife to be classed in that category. As pictures of the times the lectures upon the Georges are delightful; and the clear, home-thrusts of satiric humor are most racy, as in the supposed case of the landing of the Pretender in England instead of George. A few touches, a few facts picked out of that extraordinary pile of rubbish and riches, the memoirs of the eighteenth century, are like half a dozen lamps judiciously disposed in a dark room; they light it up, and every thing becomes visible.

Lectures like these are invaluable in destroying any foolish prestige that may chance to surround royalty. As a rule, kings are undoubtedly worse than other men. But they have great excuses. I remember when Thackeray first delivered these lectures in New York, it was said that he would not dare to read them in England; that it was an unworthy task for an Englishman to make fun to Yankees of English kings, and some Canadian papers were especially furious. Now, not only did he return to England and deliver them at home with a success which no lecturer has ever rivaled, except Albert Smith; but long before he came to this country he had put upon record his estimates of the Four Georges; and I will quote three of them here, omitting the Third George, which is too long. They appeared in *Punch*, as follows:

"The Georges. As the statues of these beloved monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favored by a young lady (connected with the court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those stars of Brunswick:

GEORGE THE FIRST, STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England;
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.*
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters:
And he had Walpole as a Minister—
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done:
I was false to my wife, and I hated my son.

My spending was small and my avarice much;
My kingdom was English, my heart was High-Dutch.

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench:
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French.

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With *Pitt* on his knees at my dirty old feet.

Thackeray was kinder to the Third George in his inscription, as he is in his lecture. Here is

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham;
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

A man who had talked paving stones was not very likely to be afraid of talking pebbles. When we dare to write passages of our history as truthfully as Thackeray writes these of the Georges we may call him to account. Who will dare to tell the whole truth about Dr. Franklin in the style of the lecture upon the First George?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "Daniel."—A 'cute Yankee lawyer, pleading for a burglar against whom the case was clear, contended that as he had been caught before he had introduced more of his person than the upper part into the house in question, asked, "Can a man be said to enter a house when only one half of his body is in and the other half out?"

Judge. "I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the facts as proved."

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to the one half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half. The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the "not guilty" half cut off, or take it along with him.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells us of an old lady who liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were graduated thus: "Nelly, you'll ging to Lady Carnegy's, and mak my compliments, and ask the *honor* of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening; and if they canna come, ging to the Miss Mudies, and ask the *pleasure* of their company; and if they canna come, you may ging to Miss Hunter, and ask the *favor* of her company; and if she canna come, ging to Lucky Spark, and *bid her come.*"

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge." It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the Judge, "as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and '*As drunk as a lord.*'"

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

A harangue in Parliament or Congress in favor of declaring war may be called a *war-rant.*

We are told that in making a fashionable lady's dress the needle of the seamstress must travel a thousand feet.

The ladies need not take it for granted that he who is always trying to bow gracefully to them across the street is always a "right bower."

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A man at Wick, the other day, purchased a large skate, and, on opening it, discovered in the stomach a box of "patent Congreve matches, warranted to ignite in any climate."

A tailor being reproached by a silly fellow as only a ninth part of a man, retorted by saying, "Still, I am better off than you; for a fool is no part of a man at all."

When Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before.

"Ah! you must at least have heard of him," was the reply. "That's the celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on *grammar*, and another on *virtue.*"

"What, then, brings him here?" said Mr. Townshend. "I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons."

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* Thackeray has changed this opinion, as he shows in his first lecture.

Now he'll Know!—Hayman, a famous artist one hundred years ago, was a wit. One of his associates was always complaining of ill-health and low spirits, without being able to assign any particular malady as the cause. One evening at Hayman's club it was mentioned that this *malade imaginaire* had been married the day before. "Is he!—and be hanged to him!" said Hayman. "Now he'll know what ails him."

"Why do you always walk with a stick?" said a gentleman the other day to a friend, on meeting him in the streets. "Except the old and infirm, I can not help regarding those who make use of walking-sticks as idlers, or persons having nothing to do."

"Now I think quite the reverse," replied his friend; "for I look upon them as individuals of the most active and industrious character, who, you see, always like to have *something in hand.*"

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long that his head aches, "ready to split," when he tries to recollect how a half-crown looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of *change*" is a great fallacy.

We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

We like a spirit of compromise; but no man should compromise his friend or himself.

What comes next to an oyster?—The shell. (A *hard case* that!)

How does a cow become a landed estate?—By turning her into a field.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased?—Because he has got a tail to wag.

"'Enry, take the 'arness hoff the 'orse, put the 'alter hover 'is 'ead, hand give 'm 'ay and hoats."

The press most popular with printers.—A press of business.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped and fallen down on the icy pavement.

"Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

If a man attacked my opinions in print would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't I know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Dr. Buckland rode a favorite old black mare, who was frequently caparisoned all over with heavy bags of fossil and ponderous hammers. The old mare soon learned her duty, and seemed to take an interest in her master's pursuits; for she would remain quiet without any one to hold her, while he was examining sections and strata, and then patiently submit to be loaded with interesting but weighty specimens. Ultimately she became so accustomed to her work that she invariably came to a full stop at a stone quarry, and nothing would persuade her to proceed until the rider had got off and examined (or, if a stranger to her, pretended to examine) the quarry. On one occasion Dr. Buckland was in some danger from the falling stones as he was climbing up the side of one of these quarries. He was told of his danger by one of the by-standers. "Never mind," said he; "the stones know *me.*"

Wedlock has been compared to bird-cages; the birds without peck to get in, and those within sometimes peck to get out.

"I do not wish to insult you, gentlemen, but I must take the liberty of telling you that there has been a good deal of hard lying under this roof to-day."

"Yes, Sir; and it has pretty much all been done under the roof of your own mouth."

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communications, "Pray, Sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is—ah—steam is—ah—ah—steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by. "Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

Hard Laws.—A lecturer on the capabilities of Australia is reported to have said that "There were hills and ranges of marble, some of it as pure as that of which the statutes of Athens were made."

"There has been a slight mistake committed here," said the house surgeon, "of no great moment, though. It was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins which was cut off. We can easily cure the other; comes to the same thing."

A sailor once went to a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker, after examining it, said,

"It will be more expense repairing than its original cost."

"I don't mind that," said the tar, "I will even give you double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch."

"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.

"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you two."

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type went on with—"The air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people!"

A young Scotch girl inquired of a gentleman, in broad Scotch, the road to Tremont House. He desired her to follow him, and asked her how long she had arrived from Scotland. "Sax weeks, your honor." On their arrival at their destination, she very coolly inquired, "Noo, Sir, wal ye just tell me hoo ye kenned I was frae *Scotlan'?*"

"My child, take those eggs to the shop, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen bring them back." Jemmy went as directed, and came back again, saying: "Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence."

A traveling tinker lately put up at a country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling stories. After sitting some time, and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started, and curiosity was on tip-toe to know. One guessed five shillings, another ten shillings, another a pound, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a half-penny," he replied.

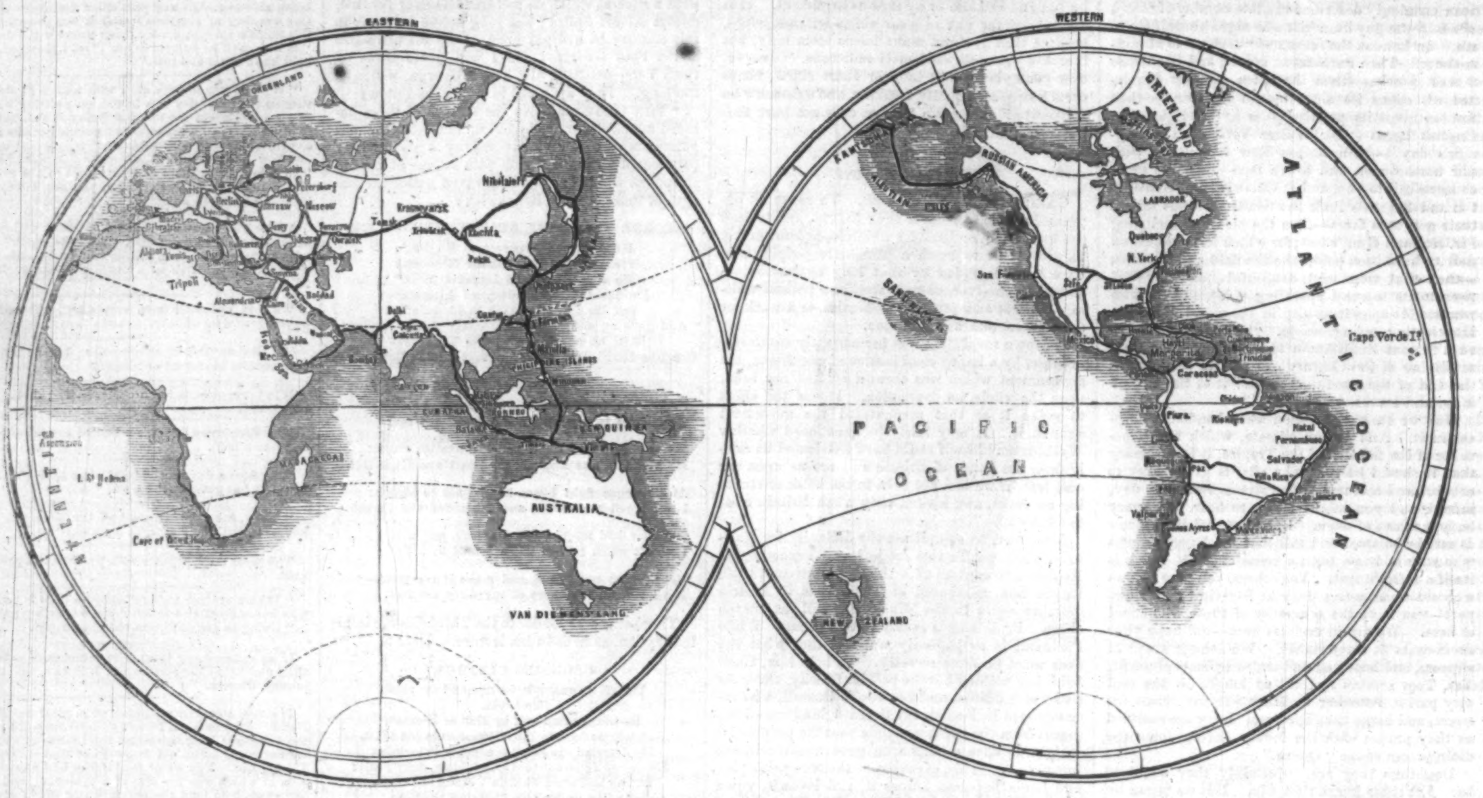
Scene—A cheap tailor's shop.

Shopman (*holding up a coat*). "Here's a sweet, pretty thing, Sir. I can assure you it's very much worn, Sir."

Country Cousin (*indignantly*). "Don't give me a thing very much worn. I want something that's quite new."

As a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

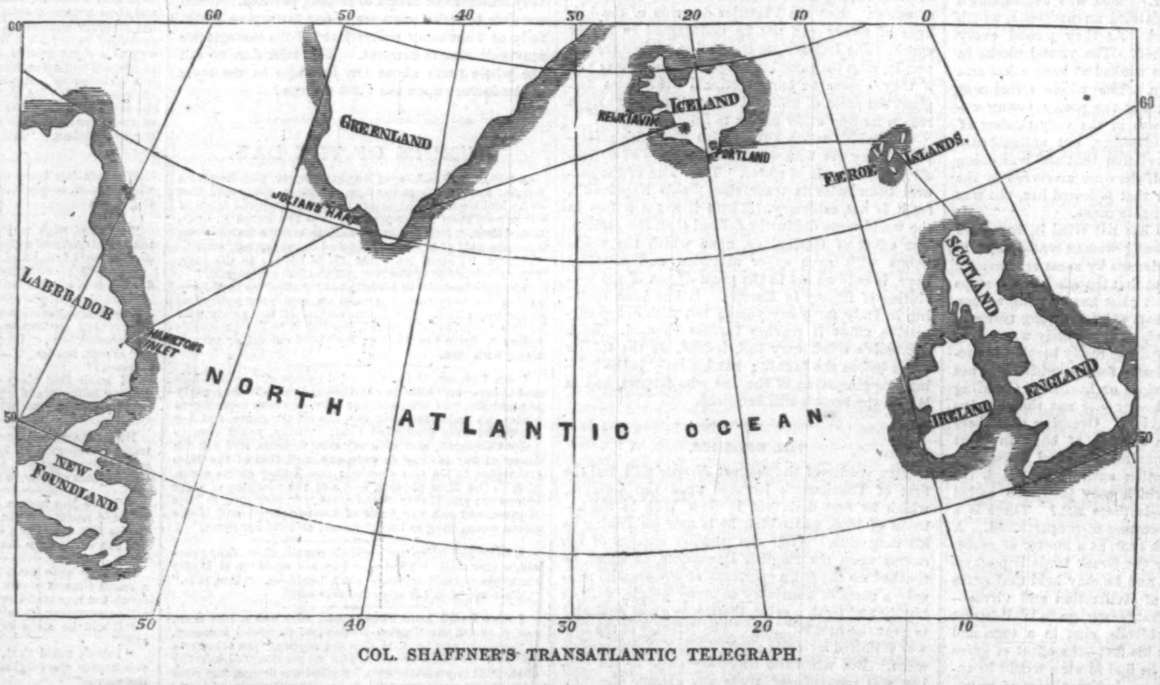
A TELEGRAPH LINE ROUND THE WORLD.



THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

WHILE the Atlantic Telegraph Company are working slowly to ascertain why their line won't work, other proprietors are developing new schemes for telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New. Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, an engineer of experience, who has spent several years in Russia and Denmark, obtained, in 1854, a concession from the Danish Government of the right to lay a submarine wire between the Danish islands on the north of Europe and the adjacent continents. He has lately formed a company to carry his scheme into execution; and we publish herewith a map which shows the line on which his wire will be laid.

He connects with the telegraphic system of Europe in the north of Scotland. Thence he proposes to lay a submarine wire to Thorshaven, in the Faroe Islands—a distance of 225 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from the Faroe Islands the wire will be laid to Reijkiavik, Iceland—a distance of 300 miles, with a maximum depth of water of 1000 fathoms; from Iceland the wire again traverses the ocean to Greenland—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 1540 fathoms; it travels across Greenland in the usual way on poles, and from the western shore crosses to Hamilton's Inlet, on the coast of Labrador—a distance of 600 miles, with a maximum depth of 2090 fathoms; from Labrador the line would connect with the Canadian system of wires.

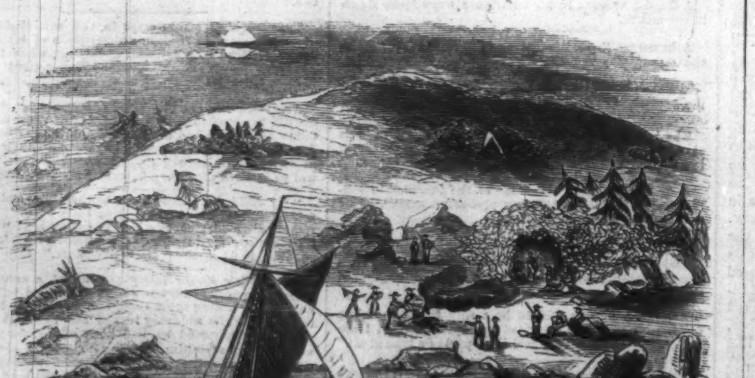


COL. SHAFFNER'S TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

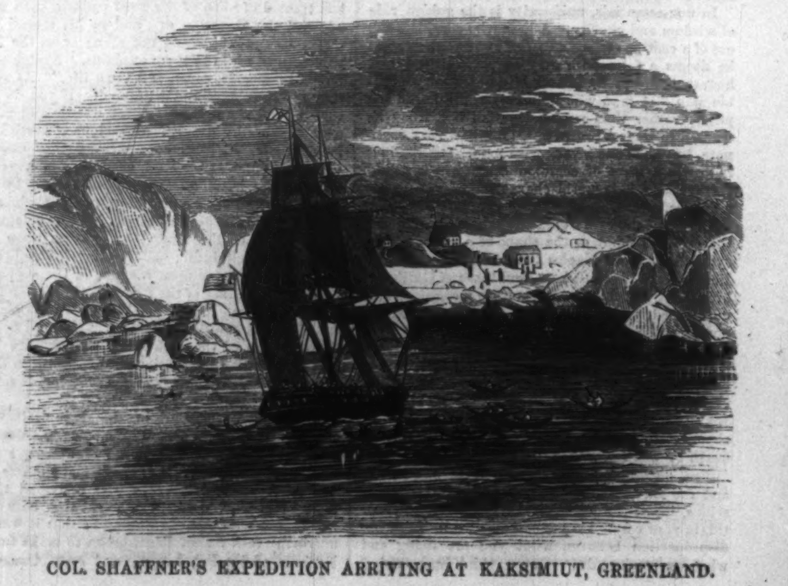
The chief advantage of Mr. Shaffner's project is that the longest circuit operated continuously would be 600 miles. It will be remembered that, three years ago, grave doubts were entertained by scientific men whether the magnets used by the Atlantic Telegraph Company could send a spark through the whole length of the wire—say 2000 miles. Before the wire was laid experiments were stated to have been made which proved that the spark could be sent swiftly and surely through more than 2000 miles of wire. But since the actual laying of the cable its performance has revived the old doubts. It is certain that the currents were from the very first quite feeble, and soon became imperceptible altogether. Mr. Shaffner's scheme obviates this difficulty. The longest stretch on his line would be 600 miles—a distance which opposes no serious obstacle to the transmission of the electric spark. The chief obstacle in his way is the prevalence of icebergs on the shores where he will land his wire. Many fear that the bergs, in grounding, would infallibly injure the wire. Mr. Shaffner states that he does not apprehend any danger from this source. He intends to run his wire into inlets where no icebergs penetrate.

The British Government have granted a steam vessel to the promoters of this enterprise for the purpose of re-examining the soundings. Another vessel, owned by Mr. Schaffner, has also been dispatched on the same errand; and we may shortly expect to hear of the result of the expedition.

Meanwhile an enterprising German has gone still further than Cyrus W. Field or Shaffner, and proposes to girdle the earth with a net-work of telegraphic wires. He suggests that wires for this purpose may connect



COL. SHAFFNER'S TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION COMPANY CAMPING IN LABRADOR.



COL. SHAFFNER'S EXPEDITION ARRIVING AT KAKSIMIUT, GREENLAND.

Europe, by way of Siberia and Behring's Straits, with North America; and that a line from the African coast to St. Paul and Fernando Po, and thence to Pernambuco, would connect Europe and South America. A vast line would connect Tunis with the Cape of Good Hope. Sicily would connect with Tunis. South America would be connected with the United States by way of a ramification of lines running through and connecting in one circuit the principal West India islands. From the Siberian and West American line branches would reach China and the isles of Japan. The lines already established by the British throughout Hindostan need only a trifling subterranean extension to reach Aden, Suez, and Europe. On the other hand, they would be led by way of Mirzapoor through the Malayan Archipelago, and by a continued chain of isles, of growing commercial importance, to a point which would make an easy connection with Australia.

He calculates that all overland lines should have five wires. His estimate sums up the construction at 37,344 English geographical miles of land telegraph, and 19,972 miles of sea lines. The total cost of construction is estimated at $23,400,000; to which must be added the expense of constructing stations, general observatories, and two steamers necessary for repairs, etc., which make the total outlay equal to $28,800,000. The yearly expenses of management, interest account, repairs, etc., are estimated at $7,500,000. At this rate, and with the capacities of the various lines, it is estimated that 20 words can be forwarded in any direction, or to any part of the world, to the distance of 3000 miles, for the charge of $7 50. He considers it quite possible, counting in the delays of relays, to get a message from London to Rio Janeiro, from Paris to the Cape of Good Hope, from New York to Yeddo or Canton, or from Constantinople to Calcutta, and a reply back, in twelve hours.

TOO LATE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Too late thy honeyed words—
Too late thy tears:
A life is told by grief,
And not by years.

And I have lived the woe,
In one brief day,
Of twice three score and ten—
My heart is gray!

You can not thrill its pulse
With hope nor fear:
The Day is well-nigh done;
And Night is near.

Thou, in thy selfish thought,
Wouldst have me live,
When Life were worse than naught,
But—I forgive.

Go! bathe no more the brow
Thy lip once pressed;
For I am weary now,
And fain would rest!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOMB OF PUTNAM.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Brooklyn, Connecticut, *July* 20, 1860.

Dear Sir,—In your account of the visit of the Putnam Phalanx to the grave of Putnam you give a version of the epitaph on the tomb which differs greatly from the original. Mr. Stuart, in his address, repeated the inscription as it appears in Barber's Historical Collection of Connecticut, and the newspapers published the same. The Hartford *Courant* afterward printed a version, correct as to the wording, but not as to the lettering. How Barber accounts for his rendering of the epitaph I do not know; but here is a literal copy, *verbatim, spellatim, et punctuatim.*

Yours respectfully,
W. H. Coleman.

Sacred be this Monument
To the memory
Of
ISRAEL PUTNAM ESQUIRE,
Sienior* Major General in the Armies
Of
The United States of America;
Who
Was born at Salem,
In the Province of Massachusetts,
On the seventh day of January,
A.D. 1718:
And died
On the twenty ninth day of May,
A.D. 1790:
Passenger,
If thou art a Soldier,
Drop a Tear over the dust of a Hero
Who,
Ever attentive
To the lives and happiness of his Men,
Dared to lead,
Where any Dared to follow:
If a Patriot,
Remember, the distinguished and gallant services
Rendered thy Country,
By the Patriot who sleeps beneath this Marble:
If thou art Honest, generous, and worthy,
Render a chearfull tribute of respect
To a Man,
Whose generosity was singular,
Whose honesty was proverbial;
Who
Raised himself to universal esteem,
And offices of Eminent distinction,
By personal worth
And a
Usefull Life.

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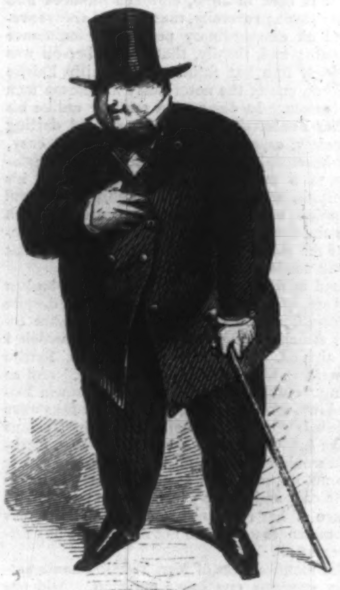
* The first letter of the word Sienior is a C altered to an S.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

XII.

It was between nine and ten o'clock before I reached Fulham, and found my way to Gower's Walk.

Both Laura and Marian came to the door to let me in. I think we had hardly known how close the tie was which bound us three together until the evening came which united us again. We met as if we had been parted for months, instead of for a few days only. Marian's face was sadly worn and anxious. I saw who had known all the danger, and borne all the trouble in my absence, the moment I looked at her. Laura's brighter looks and better spirits told me how carefully she had been spared all knowledge of the dreadful death at Welmingham, and of the true reason for our change of abode.

The stir of the removal seemed to have cheered and interested her. She only spoke of it as a happy thought of Marian's to surprise me, on my return, with a change from the close, noisy street, to the pleasant neighborhood of trees and fields and the river. She was full of projects for the future—of the drawings she was to finish; of the purchasers I had found in the country, who were to buy them; of the shillings and sixpences she had saved till her purse was so heavy that she proudly asked me to weigh it in my own hand. The change for the better which had been wrought in her during the few days of my absence was a surprise to me for which I was quite unprepared, and for all the unspeakable happiness of seeing it I was indebted to Marian's courage and to Marian's love.

When Laura had left us, and when we could speak to one another without restraint, I tried to give some expression to the gratitude and the admiration which filled my heart. But the generous creature would not wait to hear me. That sublime self-forgetfulness of women, which yields so much and asks so little, turned all her thoughts from herself to me, and made her first interest the interest of knowing what I had felt on receiving her note that morning, and what difficulties I might have encountered in hastening my return to London.

"I had only a moment left before post-time," she said, "or I should have written less abruptly. You look worn and weary, Walter; I am afraid my letter must have seriously alarmed you?"

"Only at first," I replied. "My mind was quieted, Marian, by my trust in you. Was I right in attributing this sudden change of place to some threatened annoyance on the part of Count Fosco?"

"Perfectly right," she said. "I saw him yesterday; and, worse than that, Walter, I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him! Did he know where we lived? Did he come to the house?"

"He did. To the house, but not up stairs. Laura never saw him; Laura suspects nothing. I will tell you how it happened: the danger, I believe and hope, is over now. Yesterday, I was in the sitting-room at our old lodgings. Laura was drawing at the table, and I was walking about and setting things to rights. I passed the window, and, as I passed it, looked out into the street. There, on the opposite side of the way, I saw the Count, with a man talking to him—"

"Did he notice you at the window?"

"No—at least I thought not. I was too violently startled to be quite sure."

"Who was the other man? A stranger?"

"Not a stranger, Walter. As soon as I could draw my breath again I recognized him. He was the owner of the Lunatic Asylum."

"Was the Count pointing out the house to him?"

"No; they were talking together as if they had accidentally met in the street. I remained at the window looking at them from behind the curtain. If I had turned round, and if Laura had seen my face at that moment— Thank God, she was absorbed over her drawing! They soon parted. The man from the Asylum went one way, and the Count the other. I began to hope they were in the street by chance, till I saw the Count come back, stop opposite to us again, take out his card-case and pencil, write something, and then cross the road to the shop below us. I ran past Laura before she could see me, and said I had forgotten something up stairs. As soon as I was out of the room I went down to the first landing and waited: I was determined to stop him if he tried to come up stairs. He made no such attempt. The girl from the shop came through the door into the passage, with his card in her hand—a large gilt card, with his name, and a coronet above it, and these lines underneath in pencil: 'Dear lady' (yes! the villain could address me in that way still)—'dear lady, one word, I implore you, on a matter serious to us both.' If one can think at all in serious difficulties one thinks quick. I felt directly that it might be a fatal mistake to leave myself and to leave you in the dark where such a man as the Count was concerned. I felt that the doubt of what he might do in your absence would be ten times more trying to me if I declined to see him than if I consented. 'Ask the gentleman to wait in the shop,' I said. 'I will be with him in a moment.' I ran up stairs for my bonnet, being determined not to let him speak to me in-doors. I knew his deep ringing voice, and I was afraid Laura might hear it, even in the shop. In less than a minute I was down again in the passage, and had opened the door into the street. He came round to meet me from the shop. There he was, in deep mourning, with his smooth bow and his deadly smile, and some idle boys and women near him staring at his great size, his fine black clothes, and his large cane with the gold knob to it. All the horrible time at Blackwater came back to me the moment I set eyes on him. All the old loathing crept and crawled through me, when he took off his hat with a flourish, and spoke to me as if we had parted on the friendliest terms hardly a day since."

"You remember what he said?"

"I can't repeat it, Walter. You shall know directly what he said about *you*, but I can't repeat what he said to *me*. It was worse than the polite insolence of his letter. My hands tingled to strike him, as if I had been a man! I only kept them quiet by tearing his card to pieces under my shawl. Without saying a word on my side I walked away from the house (for fear of Laura seeing us); and he followed, protesting softly all the way. In the first by-street I turned, and asked him what he wanted with me. He wanted two things. First, if I had no objection, to express his sentiments. I declined to hear them. Secondly, to repeat the warning in his letter. I asked what occasion there was for repeating it. He bowed and smiled and said he would explain. The explanation exactly confirmed the fears I expressed before you left us. I told you, if you remember, that Sir Percival would be too headstrong to take his friend's advice where you were concerned, and that there was no danger to be dreaded from the Count till his own interests were threatened, and he was roused into acting for himself?"

"I recollect, Marian."

"Well; so it has really turned out. The Count offered his advice; but it was refused. Sir Percival would only take counsel of his own violence, his own obstinacy, and his own hatred of *you*. The Count let him have his way; first privately ascertaining, in case of his own interests being threatened next, where we lived. You were followed, Walter, on returning here, after your first journey to Hampshire, by the lawyer's men for some distance from the railway, and by the Count himself to the door of the house. How he contrived to escape being seen by you he did not tell me; but he found us out on that occasion, and in that way. Having made the discovery, he took no advantage of it till the news reached him of Sir Percival's death; and then, as I told you, he acted for himself, because he believed you would next proceed against the dead man's partner in the conspiracy. He at once made his arrangements to meet the owner of the Asylum in London, and to take him to the place where his runaway patient was hidden; believing that the results, whichever way they ended, would be to involve you in interminable legal disputes and difficulties, and to tie your hands for all purposes of offense, so far as he was concerned. That was his purpose on his own confession to me. The only consideration which made him hesitate at the last moment—"

"Yes?"

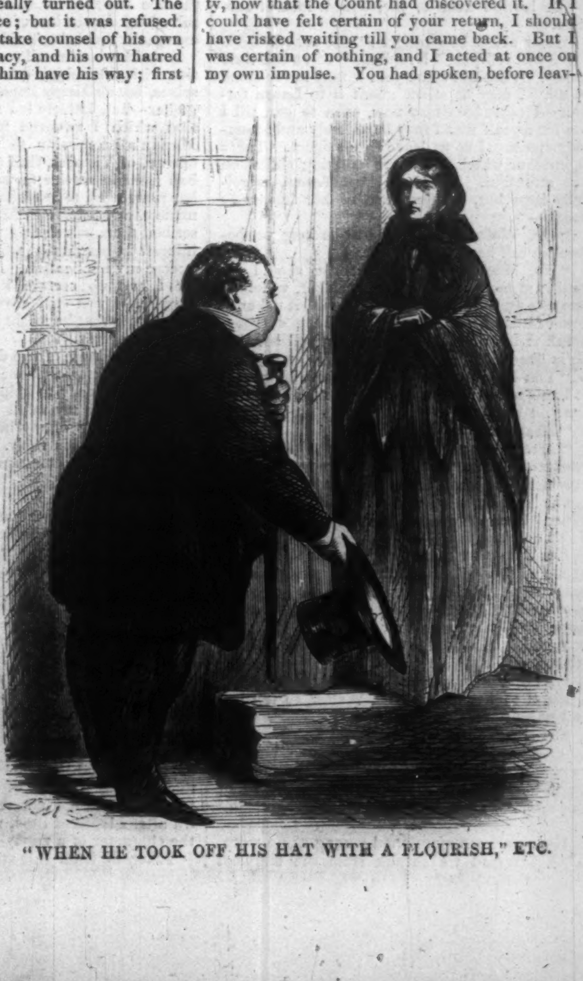
"It is hard to acknowledge it, Walter, and yet I must! *I* was the only consideration. No words can say how degraded I feel in my own estimation when I think of it; but the one weak point in that man's iron character is the horrible admiration he feels for *me*. I have tried, for the sake of my own self-respect, to disbelieve it as long as I could; but his looks, his actions, force on me the shameful conviction of the truth. The eyes of that monster of wickedness moistened while he was speaking to me—they did, Walter! He declared that, at the moment of pointing out the house to the doctor, he thought of my misery, if I was separated from Laura—of my responsibility, if I was called on to answer for effecting her escape; and he risked the worst that you could do to him, the second time, for *my* sake. All he asked was that I would remember the sacrifice, and restrain your rashness, in my own interests—interests which he might never be able to consult again. I made no such bargain with him; I would have died first. But believe him or not—whether it is true or false that he sent the doctor away with an excuse—one thing is certain, I saw the man leave him without so much as a glance at our window or even at our side of the way."

"I believe it, Marian. The best men are not consistent in good; why should the worst men be consistent in evil? At the same time, I suspect him of merely attempting to frighten you, by threatening what he can not really do. I doubt his power of annoying us, by means of the owner of the Asylum, now that Sir Percival is dead, and Mrs. Catherick is free from all control. But let me hear more. What did the Count say of me?"

"He spoke last of you. His eyes brightened and hardened, and his manner changed to what I remember it in past times—to that mixture of pitiless resolution and mountebank mockery which makes it so impossible to fathom him. 'Warn Mr. Hartright!' he said, in his loftiest manner. 'He has a man of brains to deal with, a man who snaps his big fingers at the laws and conventions of society, when he measures himself with ME. If my lamented friend had taken my advice the business of the Inquest would have been with the body of Mr. Hartright. But my lamented friend was obstinate. See! I mourn his loss—inwardly in my soul, outwardly on my hat. This trivial crape expresses sensibilities which I summon Mr. Hartright to respect. They may be transformed to immeasurable enmities if he ventures to disturb them! Let him be content with what he has got—with what I leave unmolested, for your sake, to him and to you. Say to him (with my compliments), if he stirs me, he has Fosco to deal with. In the English of the Popular Tongue, I inform him—Fosco sticks at nothing! Dear lady, good morning.' His cold gray eyes settled on my face; he took off his hat solemnly, bowed, bareheaded, and left me."

"Without returning? without saying more last words?"

"He turned at the corner of the street, and waved his hand, and then struck it theatrically on his breast. I lost sight of him after that. He disappeared in the opposite direction to our house, and I ran back to Laura. Before I was in-doors again I had made up my mind that we must go. The house (especially in your absence) was a place of danger instead of a place of safety, now that the Count had discovered it. If I could have felt certain of your return, I should have risked waiting till you came back. But I was certain of nothing, and I acted at once on my own impulse. You had spoken, before leav-



"WHEN HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT WITH A FLOURISH," ETC.

ing us, of moving into a quieter neighborhood and purer air, for the sake of Laura's health. I had only to remind her of that, and to suggest surprising you and saving you trouble by managing the move in your absence, to make her quite as anxious for the change as I was. She helped me to pack up your things, and she has arranged them all for you in your new working-room here."

"What made you think of coming to this place?"

"My ignorance of other localities in the neighborhood of London. I felt the necessity of getting as far away as possible from our old lodgings; and I knew something of Fulham, because I had once been at school there. I dispatched a messenger with a note, on the chance that the school might still be in existence. It was in existence: the daughters of my old mistress were carrying it on for her, and they engaged this place from the instructions I had sent. It was just post-time when the messenger returned to me with the address of the house. We moved after dark; we came here quite unobserved. Have I done right, Walter? Have I justified your trust in me?"

I answered her warmly and gratefully, as I really felt. But the anxious look still remained on her face while I was speaking, and the first question she asked, when I had done, related to Count Fosco. I saw that she was thinking of him now with a changed mind. No fresh outbreak of anger against him, no new appeal to me to hasten the day of reckoning, escaped her. Her conviction that the man's hateful admiration of herself was really sincere seemed to have increased a hundred-fold her distrust of his unfathomable cunning, her inborn dread of the wicked energy and vigilance of all his faculties. Her voice fell low, her manner was hesitating, her eyes searched into mine with an eager fear, when she asked me what I thought of his message, and what I meant to do next, after hearing it.

"Not many weeks have passed, Marian," I answered, "since my interview with Mr. Kyrle. When he and I parted, the last words I said to him about Laura were these: 'Her uncle's house shall open to receive her, in the presence of every soul who followed the false funeral to the grave; the lie that records her death shall be publicly erased from the tomb-stone by the authority of the head of the family; and the two men who have wronged her shall answer for their crime to ME, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them.' One of those men is beyond mortal reach. The other remains—and my resolution remains."

Her eyes lit up; her color rose. She said nothing; but I saw all her sympathies gathering to mine in her face.

"I don't disguise from myself or from you," I went on, "that the prospect before us is more than doubtful. The risks we have run already are, it may be, trifles compared with the risks that threaten us in the future; but the venture shall be tried, Marian, for all that. I am not rash enough to measure myself against such a man as the Count before I am well prepared for him. I have learned patience; I can wait my time. Let him believe that his message has produced its effect; let him know nothing of us, and hear nothing of us; let us give him full time to feel secure; his own boastful nature, unless I seriously mistake him, will hasten that result. This is one reason for waiting; but there is another, more important still. My position, Marian, toward you and toward Laura, ought to be a stronger one than it is now, before I try our last chance."

She leaned near to me, with a look of surprise.

"How can it be stronger?" she asked.

"I will tell you," I replied, "when the time comes. It has not come yet: it may never come at all. I may be silent about it to Laura forever—I must be silent now, even to *you*, till I see for myself that I may harmlessly and honorably speak. Let us leave that subject. There is another which has more pressing claims on our attention. You have kept Laura, mercifully kept her, in ignorance of her husband's death—"

"Oh, Walter, surely it must be long yet before we tell her of it?"

"No, Marian. Better that you should reveal it to her now than that accident, which no one can guard against, should reveal it to her at some future time. Spare her all the details—break it to her very tenderly—but tell her that he is dead."

"You have a reason, Walter, for wishing her to know of her husband's death besides the reason you have just mentioned?"

"I have."

"A reason connected with that subject which must not be mentioned between us yet?—which may never be mentioned to Laura at all?"

She dwelt on the last words meaningly. When I answered her, in the affirmative, I dwelt on them too.

Her face grew pale. For a while she looked at me with a sad, hesitating interest. An unaccustomed tenderness trembled in her dark eyes and softened her firm lips as she glanced aside at the empty chair in which the dear companion of all our joys and sorrows had been sitting.

"I think I understand," she said. "I think I owe it to her and to you, Walter, to tell her of her husband's death."

She sighed, and held my hand fast for a moment—then dropped it abruptly, and left the room. On the next day Laura knew that his death had released her, and that the error and the calamity of her life lay buried in his tomb.

His name was mentioned among us no more. Thenceforward we shrank from the slightest approach to the subject of his death, and in the same scrupulous manner Marian and I avoided all further reference to that other subject, which, by her consent and mine, was not to be mentioned between us yet. It was not the less present to our minds—it was rather kept alive in them by the restraint which we had imposed on ourselves. We both watched Laura more anxiously than ever; sometimes waiting and hoping, sometimes waiting and fearing, till the time came.

By degrees we returned to our accustomed way of life: it was the best, the only means in our power of helping Laura to look away again from that past sorrow and suffering which the inevitable disclosure had recalled to her mind. We all wanted the quiet and repose which we had now found. I resumed the daily work which had been suspended during my absence in Hampshire. Our new lodgings cost us more than the smaller and less convenient rooms which we had left, and the claim thus implied on my increased exertions was strengthened by the doubtfulness of our future prospects. Emergencies might yet happen which would exhaust our little fund at the bankers; and the work of my hands might be, ultimately, all we had to look to for support. More permanent and more lucrative employment than had yet been offered to me was a necessity of our position—a necessity for which I now diligently set myself to provide.

It must not be supposed that the interval of rest and seclusion of which I am now writing entirely suspended, on my part, all pursuit of the one absorbing purpose with which my thoughts and actions are associated in these pages. That purpose was, for months and months yet, never to relax its claims on me. The slow ripening of it still left me a measure of precaution to take, an obligation of gratitude to perform, and a doubtful question to solve.

The measure of precaution related, necessarily, to the Count. It was of the last importance to ascertain, if possible, whether his plans committed him to remaining in England—or, in other words, to remaining within my reach. I contrived to set this doubt at rest by very simple means. His address in St. John's Wood being known to me, I inquired in the neighborhood; and having found out the agent who had the disposal of the furnished house in which he lived, I asked if Number five Forest Road was likely to be let within a reasonable time. The reply was in the negative. I was informed that the foreign gentleman then residing in the house had renewed his term of occupation for another six months, and would remain in possession until the end of June in the following year. We were then at the beginning of December only. I left the agent with my mind relieved from all present fear of the Count's escaping me.

The obligation I had to perform took me once more into the presence of Mrs. Clements. I had promised to return, and to confide to her those particulars relating to the death and burial of Anne Catherick which I had been obliged to withhold at our first interview. Changed as circumstances now were, there was no hinderance to my trusting the good woman with as much of the story of the conspiracy as it was necessary to tell. I had every reason that sympathy and friendly feeling could suggest to urge on me the speedy performance of my promise, and I did conscientiously and carefully perform it. There is no need to burden these pages with any statement of what passed at the interview. It will be more to the purpose to say that the interview itself necessarily brought to my mind the one doubtful question still remaining to be solved—the question of Anne Catherick's parentage on the father's side.

A multitude of small considerations in connection with this subject—trifling enough in themselves, but strikingly important when massed together—had latterly led my mind to a conclusion which I resolved to verify. I obtained Marian's permission to write to Major Donthorne, of Varneck Hall (where Mrs. Catherick had lived in service for some years previous to her marriage), to ask him certain questions. I made the inquiries in Marian's name, and described them as relating to matters of personal interest in her family, which might explain and excuse my application. When I wrote the letter I had no certain knowledge that Major Donthorne was still alive; I dispatched it on the chance that he might be living, and able and willing to reply.

After the lapse of two days proof came, in the shape of a letter, that the Major was living, and that he was ready to help us.

The idea in my mind when I wrote to him, and the nature of my inquiries, will be easily inferred from his reply. His letter answered my questions by communicating these important facts:

In the first place, "the late Sir Percival Glyde, of Blackwater Park," had never set foot in Varneck Hall. The deceased gentleman was a total stranger to Major Donthorne and to all his family.

In the second place, "the late Mr. Philip Fairlie, of Limmeridge House," had been, in his younger days, the intimate friend and constant guest of Major Donthorne. Having refreshed his memory by looking back to old letters and other papers, the Major was in a position to say positively that Mr. Philip Fairlie was staying at Varneck Hall in the month of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that he remained there, for the shooting, during the month of September and part of October following. He then left, to the best of the Major's belief, for Scotland, and did not return to Varneck Hall till after a lapse of time, when he reappeared in the character of a newly-married man.

Taken by itself this statement was, perhaps, of little positive value; but taken in connection with certain facts, every one of which either Marian or I knew to be true, it suggested one plain conclusion that was, to our minds, irresistible.

Knowing now that Mr. Philip Fairlie had been at Varneck Hall in the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that Mrs. Catherick had been living there in service at the same time, we knew also—first, that Anne had been born in June, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven; secondly, that she had always presented an extraordinary personal resemblance to Laura; and, thirdly, that Laura herself was strikingly like her father. Mr. Philip Fairlie had been one of the notoriously handsome men of his time. In disposition entirely unlike his brother Frederick, he was the spoiled darling of society, especially of the women—an easy, light-hearted, impulsive, affectionate man; generous to a fault; constitutionally lax in his principles, and notoriously thoughtless of moral obligations where women were concerned. Such were the facts we knew; such was the character of the man. Surely the plain inference that follows needs no pointing out?

Read by the new light which had now broken upon me, even Mrs. Catherick's letter, in despite of herself, rendered its mite of assistance toward strengthening the conclusion at which I had arrived. She had described Mrs. Fairlie (in writing to me) as "plain-looking," and as having "entrapped the handsomest man in England into marrying her." Both assertions were gratuitously made, and both were false. Jealous dislike (which, in such a woman as Mrs. Catherick, would express itself in petty malice rather than not express itself at all) appeared to me to be the only assignable cause for the peculiar insolence of her reference to Mrs. Fairlie, under circumstances which did not necessitate any reference at all.

The mention here of Mrs. Fairlie's name naturally suggests one other question. Did she ever suspect whose child the little girl brought to her at Limmeridge might be?

Marian's testimony was positive on this point. Mrs. Fairlie's letter to her husband, which had been read to me in former days—the letter describing Anne's resemblance to Laura, and acknowledging her affectionate interest in the little stranger—had been written, beyond all question, in perfect innocence of heart. It even seemed doubtful, on consideration, whether Mr. Philip Fairlie himself had been nearer than his wife to any suspicion of the truth. The disgracefully deceitful circumstances under which Mrs. Catherick had married, the purpose of concealment which the marriage was intended to answer, might well keep her silent for caution's sake—perhaps for her own pride's sake also—even assuming that she had the means, in his absence, of communicating with the father of her unborn child.

As this surmise floated through my mind there rose on my memory the remembrance of the Scripture denunciation which we have all thought of, in our time, with wonder and with awe: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." But for the fatal resemblance between the two daughters of one father, the conspiracy, of which Anne had been the innocent instrument and Laura the innocent victim, could never have been planned. With what unerring and terrible directness the long chain of circumstances led down from the thoughtless wrong committed by the father to the heartless injury inflicted on the child!

These thoughts came to me, and others with them, which drew my mind away to the little Cumberland church-yard where Anne Catherick now lay buried. I thought of the by-gone days when I had met her by Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and met her for the last time. I thought of her poor helpless hands beating on the tomb-stone, and her weary, yearning words, murmured to the dead remains of her protectress and her friend. "Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and at rest with *you!*" Little more than a year had passed since she breathed that wish; and how inscrutably, how awfully, it had been fulfilled! The words she had spoken to Laura by the shores of the lake, the very words had now come true. "Oh, if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection!" Through what mortal crime and horror, through what darkest windings of the way down to Death, the lost creature had wandered in God's leading to the last home that, living, she never hoped to reach! There (I said in my own heart)—there, if ever I have the power to will it, all that is mortal of her shall remain, and share the grave-bed with the loved friend of her childhood, with the dear remembrance of her life. *That* rest shall be sacred—*that* companionship always undisturbed!

So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages as it haunted my life, goes down into the impenetrable Gloom. Like a Shadow she first came to me, in the loneliness of the night. Like a Shadow she passes away, in the loneliness of the dead!

* * * * * *

Forward, now! Forward on the way that winds through other scenes, and leads to brighter times.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE'S POSITION.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE made a speech at Frankfort, Kentucky, on 18th, from which we quote as follows: "I leave it to others to explain more fully the facts and circumstances of my nomination. Perhaps, also, I may be allowed to say that the claim that I stand before the country as a sectional candidate can not be true, whether reference be had to the number of the States which co-operated in the nomination or to the character of the principles which animated them. When you find the Democratic organization aided by large conservative elements of other parties in all the Southern States, and in those two States upon the Pacific Ocean which have been so far removed from the contests of the Atlantic and Mississippi valleys that their judgment as to what is sectional ought to be conclusive, and when you find that a majority of the Democratic organization of the State of Pennsylvania, and a supposed majority of New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, with large and imposing organizations in all the other States co-operating, how can such a nomination as that be properly called sectional? A majority of the States of the Union sectional, and at war with the principles upon which the Union itself is founded! Fellow-citizens, as to the charge that the Convention to which I owe my nomination supported, or that I myself am tainted with a spirit of disunion, how absurd to make a response to a Kentucky audience, and in this old district, too! I am an American citizen—a Kentuckian, who never did an act or cherished a thought that was not full of devotion to the Constitution and the Union—who feels as you do upon this subject. But perhaps it would have been better, both in your behalf and in mine, if I had refused to respond to the sentiment. Fellow-citizens, this is, perhaps, the last time that I shall have an opportunity to say any thing to my neighbors and friends during the pendency of this canvass. While, therefore, I shall enter into no argument upon the particular topics of the day, perhaps you will pardon me for making two or three observations, which, it seems to me, should commend themselves to all parties every where. Fellow-citizens, we live under the best government on earth. We are the only country in the world where the experiment is demonstrated that free institutions may be established over a great population and a large area of territory and be consistent with public order. It has been demonstrated in our case for the first time in the history of the world. How are we to preserve these institutions? How are we to preserve intact that double form of government, State and Federal, that has been handed down to us by our forefathers? My answer is, that we can only do it by clinging with unfaltering fidelity, unwavered by policy, to the Constitution they bequeathed to us. I hold that fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, in all its parts and in all its obligations, is the condition of the American Union, and of its perpetuation. That Constitution was framed and transmitted by the wisest generation of men that ever lived in the tide of times. It may be called an inspired instrument. It answered them at an early day. It has answered our purpose. It is good enough for our posterity to keep it pure."

FRENCH INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

It is stated that the question of the proposed intervention by France in Mexican affairs is now settled. M. Duboys de Saligny, the Special Minister of France to Mexico, is expected to arrive in Washington about the 1st of September, for the purpose of consulting with our Government prior to proceeding to his destination. It is further understood that the purpose of the Emperor Napoleon to interfere in Mexican affairs has been already communicated to the State Department, and that the co-operation of our Government has been solicited; but such co-operation was promptly refused, as contrary to our national policy. England will join France in the intervention, as a guaranty that religious toleration shall be the basis of any settlement that may be made.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES IN VIRGINIA.

The town of Occaquan, Virginia, has been the scene of considerable excitement for some days, in consequence of an attempt on the part of certain parties to demolish a liberty-pole erected by the Black Republicans, from which floats a flag bearing the names of the Republican Presidential nominees. The Republicans of Occaquan determined to prevent the threatened demolition of their flag-staff or die in the effort, and accordingly dispatched messengers to neighboring towns for arms and ammunition. They also notified Governor Letcher of the state of affairs, and he assured them that they should be protected. The Governor ordered General Hatton to call out his command; but it is said the General resigned rather than obey the order. At last accounts the military of Alexandria were expecting to be called out to preserve the peace. Occaquan, the scene of the disturbance, contains some three hundred Republicans. It was the residence of Underwood, who was ostracized by his fellow-citizens some years ago because of his fanaticism. Underwood was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and has recently written a letter to Miss Barbour, a lady of Virginia, who contemplates emancipating her slaves, which could hardly fail to reawaken the indignation of his political opponents.

DEATH OF JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales, the veteran editor of the *National Intelligencer*, died at Washington on 21st, of paralysis. He was born in England in 1786, where his father published for seven years the Sheffield *Register*. The elder Gales, being persecuted for his political principles, came to Philadelphia with his family in 1794, where he purchased and published for a time the *Independent Gazetteer*. Having sold this to Samuel Harrison Smith, he removed to Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1799, and commenced the publication of the Raleigh *Register*, which he continued successfully for upward of forty years, and died of paralysis in 1841. Samuel Harrison Smith started the *National Intelligencer* in 1801, and Joseph Gales, now deceased, entered his office as assistant in 1808. In 1809 he purchased the establishment entire, and was joined in 1812 by Colonel Seaton, his brother-in-law, in its management. Since that period the firm has remained unchanged, and the publication of the *Intelligencer* has never been suspended but once. It was a warm, earnest, and able advocate of the Madison war policy, seconding the efforts of Clay and his compeers; and so powerful was its influence that when General Ross, in command of the British troops, entered the capital after the unfortunate affair of Bladensburg, his first inquiry was not for the Capitol, the President's house, or the departments, but for the *National Intelligencer* office; and it was the first establishment demolished, causing a short cessation in its regular publication. As an editor, Mr. Gales was remarkable for dignity, courtesy, and ability; as a citizen, for his kind-hearted benevolence and philanthropy, and his zeal in behalf of every elevating and judicious improvement; and as an employer, for his kindness and liberality. His political principles are part of the history of the country. They were those of the old Republican and Whig parties, conservative and patriotic. His intellect was of a very high order, and finely cultivated, and may be classed with those of Clay, Webster, Fisher Ames, and Lowndes, who were among his compeers.

We published Mr. Gales's portrait in No. 55 of *Harper's Weekly*.

ESCAPE OF CONVICTS.

Upward of fifty convicts escaped from the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri, on July 24, by bursting open the prison gate. In the *melée* deputy-warden Ritchie was slightly injured. Three convicts were killed, and seven seriously wounded. All the prisoners were recaptured excepting seven.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.

Another defalcation is reported from Washington. Major Sutherland, Quarter-master of the Marine Corps, we learn, had his name stricken from the roll of the service by reason of his default to the Government in a sum rising of $30,000. He was suspended some three months since, and time given him to return the money, but without effect.

POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY.

According to previous announcement, no less than three Conventions for the nomination of Presidential electors for the State of New Jersey assembled at Trenton on 25th—the Union Democratic, Douglas Democratic, and Bell and Everett. The Union Democratic Convention adopted an electoral ticket, with three Bell and Everett names, two Douglas, and two Breckinridge, and a series of resolutions instructing them, if elected, to cast the entire vote of the State for any candidate opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin who can be chosen by the Electoral

College. The Douglas Convention and the Bell and Everett Convention both nominated straight electoral tickets; but it is understood that both of those parties will be brought into the arrangement by their leaders, as both have made provision for filling vacancies on their tickets.

HOFFMAN BAILED.

The case of Frederic Hoffman, the alleged defaulting clerk of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, came up in the Supreme Court, special term, on 24th. Judge Leonard having made an order reducing the bail of the defendant from $22,000 to $10,000, the parties appeared before the Court and entered into the necessary security —Mr. Edward B. Wesley, of No. 43 East Sixteenth Street, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, being Mr. Hoffman's bail in $10,000; viz., two bonds in $4000 each for the charges of fraudulent issue of certificates, and two bonds in $1000 each on the charges of forgery.

SUIT AGAINST THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

We understand that Mr. Myers, Attorney General of our State, has commenced an action against the Central Railroad for the recovery of the tolls (amounting to about $5,000,000) remitted by the act of 1851, which he holds to have been unconstitutionally passed, in which view he is fortified by the written opinions of some of the ablest lawyers of our State. The case will be brought to trial, it is believed, in September. Nobody believes that any thing will come of the suit; it is a mere political trick.

THE HOTTEST SUMMER ON RECORD.

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail* of the 16th says:

"We learn that the thermometer marked 103° in several open houses of the city yesterday. One of our citizens, who has kept a diary of the weather for thirty odd years, says that the present is the hottest summer since 1828. We have not known the mercury to range as high as 98° but once before in Montgomery, and that was, we believe, in 1856. Similar accounts are given by newspapers published in nearly all the Southern States. From the sea-board to the Mississippi the thermometer ranged from 95° to 100° for several days last week. The New Orleans *Picayune* says that the heat is almost unprecedented. In several cities the heat has been attended with unusual mortality—deaths from sun-stroke having been frequent. In Baltimore the highest point the mercury has attained in shaded locations, unaffected by the rays of the sun, is about 85° or 89°, though it has gone three or four degrees higher in the afternoon where the sun strikes the west side of buildings. The heat here, on account of a dry spell lately, is, indeed, quite intense. The country is undergoing what may be called 'the fiery term.'"

TWO LADIES IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A short time since (says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*) two young ladies from New York were on a visit at the residence of the Superintendent of the Great Forrest Improvement Company's Mines, in the Schuylkill coal region, and determined upon exploring one of the mines. After making the descent, and while some distance in, it was discovered that the earth had caved in, blocking up the entrance and cutting off their egress. Upon examination it was found that it would take three days to effect an opening. After a brief consideration of their position, one of the three men (miners) who were with them, was reminded of an air-shaft, through which, possibly, they might make their escape. He went to make an examination of it, and returned in two hours, reporting that it was in very bad condition, and that it would require much labor to make the ascent. They gladly accepted the task, and in two hours more succeeded in reaching the top safely. When at their residence, and after a full consideration of their peril, they very naturally, and at the proper time, sank into a swoon.

A SUSPECTED HUSBAND-POISONER.

A correspondent in Clovesville, Delaware County, New York, writes that a young married man of that place having recently suddenly died, his body was exhumed and subjected to analysis, while a coroner's jury was summoned. No traces of poison were discovered, and the jury decided that the deceased came to his death from natural causes. The remains were accordingly reinterred; but still the community were not satisfied, and other chemists were called upon to analyze parts of the body. These decided that the presence of arsenic was clear, though in small quantities. Consequently another jury has been summoned, and the widow of the deceased has been committed to jail to await the result. She is but seventeen years old, and said to be in appearance guileless.

A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

The other day, a young man, having fallen in love with a damsel residing in Royal Oak, Michigan, and finding some difficulty in obtaining the favorable countenance of the father, eloped with her, making his way to Detroit, and taking passage on a steamboat for his future home. Just as the boat was about to start the infuriated father rushed on board, and proceeded to threaten the abductor of his daughter with a caning. Blinded by his passion, he did not remark that the plank had been hauled ashore, and he was accordingly carried off, thus presenting the unique spectacle of a family elopement. It is understood that the father was induced to give away his child with a good grace, in consideration of which he was paid his return passage-money by the son-in-law.

FATAL MISTAKE.

Mr. Andrew Horton, of Chopachet, had been on a spree for about four weeks, and came home on Thursday night with a new bottle of liquor, which his wife destroyed after he had gone to bed. In the morning, as usual, he was very sick, and called for his rum. His wife told him she had thrown it out. He did not believe her, and continued to call for it. His daughter, who had got up to go to work in the factory, heard him calling for it, thought a little liquor would stop his sickness, as it usually did, and hearing him begging so hard, she thought she would get him some. She looked in several rooms, and at last, in the closet behind the door, she found a small bottle. She took out the cork, smelled in the bottle, found it contained liquor, poured out about a gill, carried it to her father, and hurried off, as the last bell was ringing, to go to work. It proved, however, to be bedbug poison—a strong solution of corrosive sublimate—and her father died within three hours.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Felton is the twentieth President of the University at Cambridge, and the second native of Newbury who has filled that station. Dr. Webber, the fourteenth President, was born in Newbury in 1759. The late Simon Greenleaf, D.D., of the Cambridge Law School, was a native of Newburyport. President Felton has two associates in the college, who were born in Newbury, viz.: Theophilus Parsons, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law, and the Rev. George R. Noyes, D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Lecturer on Biblical Literature.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians held at Copenhagen in May, the King of Denmark presiding, Messrs. Jared Sparks and R. C. Winthrop of Boston, with several distinguished men of Europe and South America, were enrolled as Foundation Fellows of the Society.

The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, has been staying at Congress Hall, Saratoga, for some days past, seeking to recuperate from the fatigues and excitements of the late session, and in preparation for the fatigues of the coming campaign, which he is to commence at home about the 20th of August. He has been solicited by many friends to give one public talk before leaving, and may be expected to speak on Saturday or Monday evening.

Among the articles brought up from the wreck of the *Hungarian* by the submarine operator, was a card of a young lady, one of the passengers who perished on the fatal night of the wreck, on the back of which was written in pencil, in a firm hand, "Lizzie dies to-night."

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* learns "from good authority" that the author of "Rutledge" is "Miss Rachel Lyons, *la belle Juive* of Columbia, South Carolina. Miss Lyons is one of the most accomplished young ladies in the South—and, perhaps, in the Union—and a brunette belle of great and rare beauty. She is the friend of Miss "Beulah" Evans, to whom rumor pointed as the author of "Rutledge," and we take it that ere long Miss Lyons will have achieved high rank in the literary world, should she continue to use her facile pen.

The rumor in regard to the Hon. John Cochrane's marriage applies to a daughter of Shelby Parker, Esq., of Washington, but is only a rumor—current in all circles for the past two months. "They say" the marriage will take place next November.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the British Parliament the Ministers were questioned as to the transfer of the Galway contract to the Canadian line. Mr. Gladstone said the Government did not intend to sanction the transfer on its own responsibility, and whatever course might be taken would be submitted to Parliament.

Sir Robert Peel called on the Government not to assent to the annexation of Sicily to Piedmont. Lord John Russell replied that the Government could not depart from the great principle that the people had the right to choose their own government without interference. Lord John Russell explained the position of the proposed European Conference relative to Savoy. England had accepted the proposition of Prussia, while Austria hesitates. The Government had no knowledge of the replies by the other governments.

It was stated in Parliament that the British forces in China reach 17,000 men.

Lord John Russell intimated that an agreement had been effected between England and France relative to the Newfoundland fisheries.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE SON OF A PEER.

Lord William Godolphin Osborne, a son of the Duke of Leeds, recently made his appearance in the Cambridge (England) Insolvent Court. His debts were stated at £1066 6s. 11d.; his creditors including tailors, tobacconists, a money-lender, a livery stable-keeper, and a college tutor. The insolvent said he was twenty-five years of age, and that previous to his coming of age his father had only allowed him £12 a year. He had, however, since increased the allowance to £100. The Judge condemned the conduct of the insolvent, knowing he had but £100 a year, to indulge in luxuries, not to say vices. The insolvent had been contradicted on oath by two witnesses, and he must deal with him as he would with other persons; and under the penal clause of the act he directed that he should be imprisoned for six calendar months from the date of the vesting order.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER WIFE OF PRINCE JEROME'S.

It is reported in Paris that the death of Prince Jerome will occasion the most extraordinary particulars of the latter portion of his past life to be brought to light; that the Countess A——, the Florentine lady, well known to English society of Florence, means to bring her claims before the French tribunals as the late Prince's lawful wife; that the Emperor intends to admit the fact of the marriage, but to oppose its legality from the circumstance of its having been contracted without the confirmation of his consent since he has become Emperor. This is according to the precedent established by the elder Napoleon.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* furnishes some gossip and a trifle of philosophy in a letter concerning the *fête champêtre* in honor of the Fourth of July at Paris:

"The toilets of the ladies were perfect, white and lilac being so predominating as almost to be general. Mrs. Faulkner was especially observant in a very handsome morning dress of richly-embroidered muslin, with ample flounces relieved by the fashionable color, and her gracious deportment to all who were presented to her was generally remarked. Time would fail to particularize the toilets of the younger ladies, among the most *distinguée* of whom was Miss Preston. To a gentleman's eye, the steel panoply which supported that violet cloak and robe was something too intrusive, but youth and beauty are such triumphant attributes that they bid defiance to any whim of fashion. When, oh! when, however, will the fairest portion of creation be more content with nature's own ideal? Why shall the fair outlines of woman be forever distorted into positive monstrosity? One would think that some ladies had set before them the form of some gigantic extinguisher as the *ne plus ultra* of beauty, so strenuous seem their efforts to preserve an unbroken oblique line from the point of the shoulder to the edge of the skirt. Allow a little tapering for the neck, and place one of the fashionable hats on the head, and you have the belle, or bell, of 1860. Dancing commenced between three and four o'clock. It was a little warm for such exercise, but young people are never especially sensitive on the score of temperature. Foreigners seemed struck with the independence of the various beautiful ladies whose hands were so eagerly sought after. There they stood, alone and unprotected, in the broad gaze, settling their affair with each gallant cavalier as, with hat in hand, he offered suit and service, as if their mothers were in heaven. Their cheeks never blanched, nor did their voice falter, as, with diplomatic tact, they neither accepted nor refused the various solicitations till their general *miss* had been all under the eye of public admiration, for many doubtless thought that to lay aside the magnificent burnoose or the rich mantelet till each had done its proper execution, was unnecessarily to deprive themselves of an effective weapon. In France, as is well known, the maternal supremacy is never relaxed, and except in the dance the daughter never quits her mother's side. There is more liberty in England, but apparently much less than in America."

ANOTHER BONAPARTE IN TROUBLE.

Another scandal threatens the Imperial family of France, according to the *Indépendance Belge*. The Baron de Chassiron, desiring an amicable separation from his wife, the eldest daughter of Prince Murat, has not been able to effect this; therefore the aid of the law is to be called in to interpose a legal barrier between the two partners in life's joys and sorrows, who reciprocally accuse each other of unfaithfulness. At present the husband appears to be the party most open to reproach; but in such affairs all is doubt.

ROSSINI TO WRITE ANOTHER OPERA.

A French paper says that a party of friends were recently assembled in the drawing-room of Rossini, and were talking of the approaching production of "Semiramide" at the French Opera. Danton, junior, the witty caricaturist, began to rally the maestro. "Brave old Homer only nods now and then," said he; "but you, the Homer of music, sleep continually. You have no right to do so; for you are robbing the world of all the music you still have in your head and heart." "It is a good joke for you to complain, my dear Danton," replied Rossini; "every body has a right to reproach me with my beloved idleness, you alone excepted." "Why so?" "Because you are as indolent as myself. I no longer write operas, it is true; but you make no caricatures either." "I could if I pleased." "I defy you." "If you defy me, I will make yours." "Do; and if you succeed, I will write an opera in return." "I take you at your word," said Danton; "so get ready to write your score. To-morrow you shall have your caricature." The next day the work was really finished, and Rossini showed it laughingly to his friends. The maestro is represented in the middle of a dish of Maccaroni, which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his breast a lyre without strings. His slumbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and it is plain that he is singing sweet melodies to himself. A smile, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing about his lips. It is a caricature in which the characteristic features are so cleverly portrayed that it is more like him than the best of portraits could be. It remains to be seen whether Danton will get Rossini's opera.

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Paris *Patrie* asserts that the siege of Messina is decided on, Garibaldi having declined to assist the Neapolitans unless they gave similar proofs of confidence to the Sicilians by a sustained insurrection.

At latest dates Garibaldi's Ministry had resigned.

A dispatch from Cagliari says the Neapolitan steam corvette *Velace*, six guns, has gone over to Garibaldi.

Several steamers had been purchased for Garibaldi in London, and two had sailed.

It was reported that Naples had notified England and France of her intention to offer the Constitution of 1812 to the Sicilians. France had assented thereto, but England hesitates.

ADVANCE OF GARIBALDI ON MESSINA.

Advices from Messina to the 8th state that Colonel Medici was at the village of Barcelona awaiting volunteers. He had reconnoitred the heights of Messina and Mellizzo. The attack on Mellizzo was fixed for the 19th inst. Assassinations took place at Messina on the night of the 7th. The Neapolitan army was demoralized. The soldiers were deserting. A letter received here from Piedmont states that the French Consul there has received a blow on the head from a yataghan.

DISTURBANCES AT NAPLES.

A telegram, dated Naples, July 14, says: "Patriots are constantly traveling the streets.

"The moderate party is full of apprehensions concerning the stabbing of an inspector of the former police, on the 12th, in the Strada de Tolda.

"A proclamation of Garibaldi against the Bourbon dynasty has been distributed. He says: 'I am a royalist, but prefer Victor Emanuel, who will head us against Austria.'

"There has been a conflict between the troops and the people in consequence of popular manifestations in favor of some refugees who had disembarked at Naples. Several persons were killed.

"The Ministry has been dismissed, and a new Cabinet formed."

NEAPOLITAN CRUELTY.

A letter from Palermo contains some scarcely credible stories of Neapolitan cruelty: "As at Catania, the Neapolitans exhibited, during the struggle, inconceivable traits of ferocity, which proceeded, evidently, from superior orders. By care of the municipality, a list has been drawn up of the names of unoffending individuals assassinated in the interior of houses that were kept closed. Among them are women, children, and strangers; and the number is more than 600! The details are horrible. In an authentic *procès-verbal*, communicated to each of his colleagues, and a copy of which I have before my eyes, the Swiss Consul-General relates that, having set himself to look after one of his countrymen, a wine merchant, whose wife and children had been massacred, and whom, individually, they had taken off to torture at their ease, he came to a convent of White Benedictines, and that he there beheld the still smoking ruins of the building covering a heap of calcined bodies. The soldiers had shut up all the neighboring inhabitants that had fallen into their hands in the refectory of the convent, and had then burned them alive."

THE IRISH AT ROME.

The London *Times* quotes a letter from Rome, which states that a serious disturbance had taken place among the Irish brigade, in consequence of a discussion as to who were the best Catholics. When an armed force was sent to restore order some of them threw the furniture out of the windows. One Irishman has been sentenced to death by court-martial, but the Pope would not allow the sentence to be executed.

The Adriatic *Journal* states that the Pontifical troops stationed at Pesaro were ready for departure. Five hundred and fifty-seven Irish volunteers had disembarked at Ancona, and committed disorders at Sinigaglia, which were repressed by the Papal Carabineers

EMEUTE AT ROME.

A letter from Rome, in the *Patrie*, says: "An untoward event has just occurred at Frosinone. During the drawing of a lottery, or tombola, which had been got up there, two men began to quarrel, and soon after drew their knives, and a desperate fight took place. The crowd soon became alarmed, and, fearing that the combat might become more general, took to flight in all directions. The public square was almost deserted, when a body of eighty gens d'armes, who had been assembled at Frosinone in consequence of the fête, seeing the people running, thought that a riot had commenced with the revolutionary party, and, dashing off in pursuit of the fugitives, sabred all they came up with. According to a report sent to Rome of the affair, upward of one hundred persons of all ranks and ages were wounded, some of them mortally."

SYRIA.

THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN WAR.

At our last dates the British Government had announced in Parliament that they had ordered a squadron to the coast of Syria, with instructions to stop the outrages against Christians, and that France had done likewise.

The insurrection in Syria continues. Fuad Pacha had gone there on a special mission, armed with full powers, and in view of that fact England and France have agreed to abstain from present interference. If Turkey, however, proves incapable, these two Governments have agreed on identical instructions to their Admirals to stop the massacres. At the destruction of the villages the Druses killed more than two thousand unarmed men in cold blood.

There was great alarm at Beyrout, and the Franks and Christians had taken refuge on board the foreign men-of-war.

RUMORED OUTBREAK AT DAMASCUS.

The British Government is said to have received intelligence of a fearful massacre of Christians at Damascus. Five hundred were killed, among whom was the Dutch Consul. The American Consul was wounded.

Fuad Pasha has left for Syria with full powers. He will have under his orders 16,000 men, the commander of whom is Halim Pasha.

CURIOUS LETTER FROM ABD-EL-KADER.

The following letter from Abd-el-Kader to the *Birgis-Barys* (Eagle of Paris) has interest at the present crisis:

"Glory to God! I have been delighted by all that you have written in the *Birgis* on the subject of the Mussulman states. You have in truth given good advice, and you would be heard if you had spoken to the living; but it is to the dead that you have appealed. You have based your remarks on two points. You might have mentioned a third, and said that truly Mussulman sovereigns love the conduct of honest men, and follow their footsteps in the ways of justice and contempt of worldly goods, for it is on high that little ones should look for an example. Alas! we are far enough from doing so.

"The present state of the Mussulman and Christian empires, every thing that is taking place to-day was predicted by Mohammed in his time, and that is what gives such authority to his prophecies. He has announced the annihilation of the Chosroes, and there are no more Chosroes; he has also said that the Christian kings should maintain themselves in power till the end of time; and that the sovereigns of his people should be abandoned of God by reason of their injustice and love of the world's goods; lastly, he has said that the world shall not end till the Christians have become the majority of the human race.

"And that event can not fail to arrive, because, as Mislam, the authorized interpreter of Mohammed, has said, they have, above all, four qualities which insure their future success—clemency in victory, obstinacy in defeat, energy in retaliation, and charity to the poor, the weak, and the bereaved. I will add, of myself, that they join to these gifts one still greater, viz.; skill in withdrawing themselves, in case of necessity, from the injustice and oppression of their king.

"I weep, oh my God, over the annihilation of Islamism. We are from God, and to him we return.

"At this moment dreadful disorder prevails among the Maronites and the Druses. The evil has deep roots every where. Butchery and murder are going on in all parts. God grant that things may have a better ending.

"Greeting to God, the Mighty, from his poor servant,

"Damascus, June 10, 1860." "Abd-el-Kader.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The British war steamers *Hero* and *Ariadne*, the former having the Prince of Wales on board, arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on Monday, 23d. The Prince landed at St. Johns at noon on Tuesday, under a royal salute from the citadel and the vessels of war in the harbor. All business was suspended, and the entire population turned out to see the reception, which consisted of the presentation of an address of welcome, and a military, civic, and firemen's procession. The Prince was every where greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations of delight.

A SPEECH FROM THE PRINCE.

On 24th addresses were presented to the Prince, to which he replied as follows:

"I sincerely thank you for the addresses presented to me, and for the hearty welcome received from all on my landing on the shores of this, the earliest colonial possession of the British crown. I trust you will not think me regardless of your zealous loyalty if I acknowledge these addresses collectively. It will afford me the greatest satisfaction to report to the Queen the devotion to her crown and person unmistakably evinced by the reception of her son, eloquently expressed in the addresses from various bodies in this town and Harbor Grace. I am charged by the Queen to convey to you the assurance of the deep concern she has ever felt in this interesting portion of her dominions. I shall carry back a lively recollection of this day's proceedings, and of your kindness to myself personally; but, above all, these hearty demonstrations of patriotism, which prove your deep-rooted attachment to the great and free country of which we all glory to be called the sons."

THE STATE BALL.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "A grand ball was given on 25th at the Colonial House. A gorgeous pavilion, representing a tent, was erected, and decorated with many-colored flags, banners, and ribbons. Some beautiful drawings were also here and there dispersed. The bands of her Majesty's ship *Hero* and of the various regiments were on hand, and greatly contributed to the success of the demonstration. The whole city was again brilliantly illuminated. A dais was erected in the grand saloon for his Royal Highness. This was canopied with the crown plumes of the Prince of Wales, the English coat of arms, and the ancient motto '*Ich Dien*'—I serve. There were thousands of persons of all ranks present. The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheers—the bands playing 'God save the Queen.' The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germain, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dances, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance.

"The people every where are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts. The noblemen who attended his Royal Highness did not mingle in the festivities of the dance. The ball was closed at three o'clock this morning; but before leaving the Prince and suite expressed themselves greatly pleased at the cordial and affectionate reception accorded them."

APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE.

He adds:

"The Prince pleases the populace immensely by his handsome countenance, and mild, gentlemanly bearing.

"The Prince stands about five feet six inches in height; is slender in form, having a narrow head, intelligent face, large, handsome eyes, small mouth, large nose, retreating chin, complexion rather dark, boyish appearance, and generally resembling his mother at about the time of her coronation. He has rather large hands and feet, is very graceful in his movements, unostentatious, and affable. He talks a good deal, and in rather a loud and somewhat harsh tone of voice. His ordinary costume is that of a colonel of the British army. As I said before, the citizens are charmed and delighted with his Royal Highness. At the termination of the levee the Prince, dressed in plain clothing, rode through the city on horseback, and altogether unattended. He is certainly a very good rider."

On 26th the Prince and his squadron left St. Johns for Halifax, Nova Scotia. They were heard of on Friday off Cape Race, where the crew are said to have lost themselves in a fog.

THE COLONISTS IN LUCK—MORE TITLES.

The London *Court Journal* says that it is understood there will be a liberal contribution of honors among the Queen's Canadian subjects after the Prince of Wales's visit. As his Royal Highness is to represent the Queen in the matter of addresses and levees, it seems not altogether incompatible that he should have the same power of nominating to honors as a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, especially under the surveillance of a Secretary of State and a Great Officer of the Household.

MEXICO.

MIRAMON'S LAST THROW.

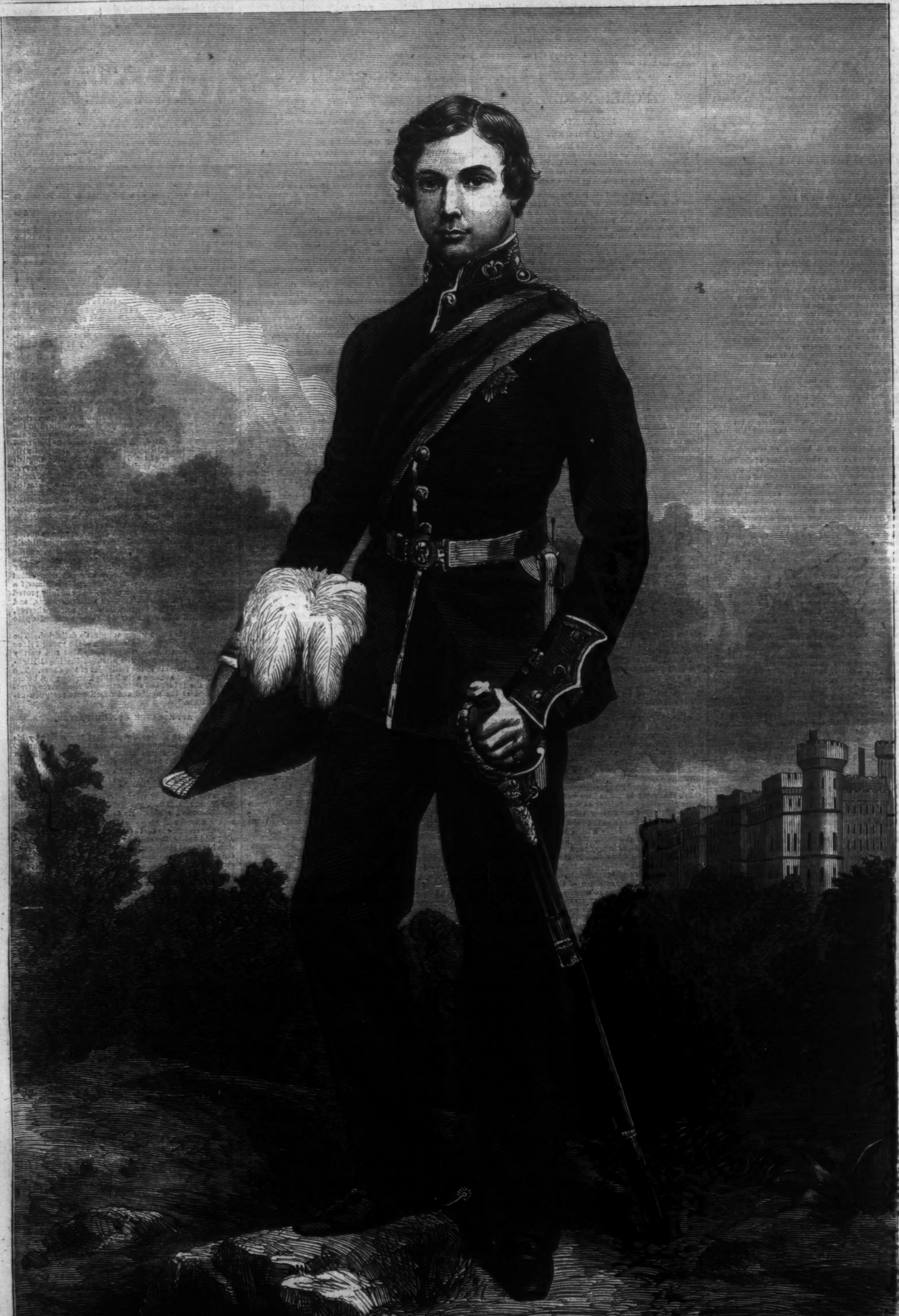
From late files of Mexican papers we hear of the immediate, unconditional release of General La Vega and companions by the Constitutional Government, immediately after their exchange for General Uraga had been refused by Miramon. This latter individual is most probably shut up in Guadalajara, where it is likely the last act will soon be played, with every chance against the Church champion.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

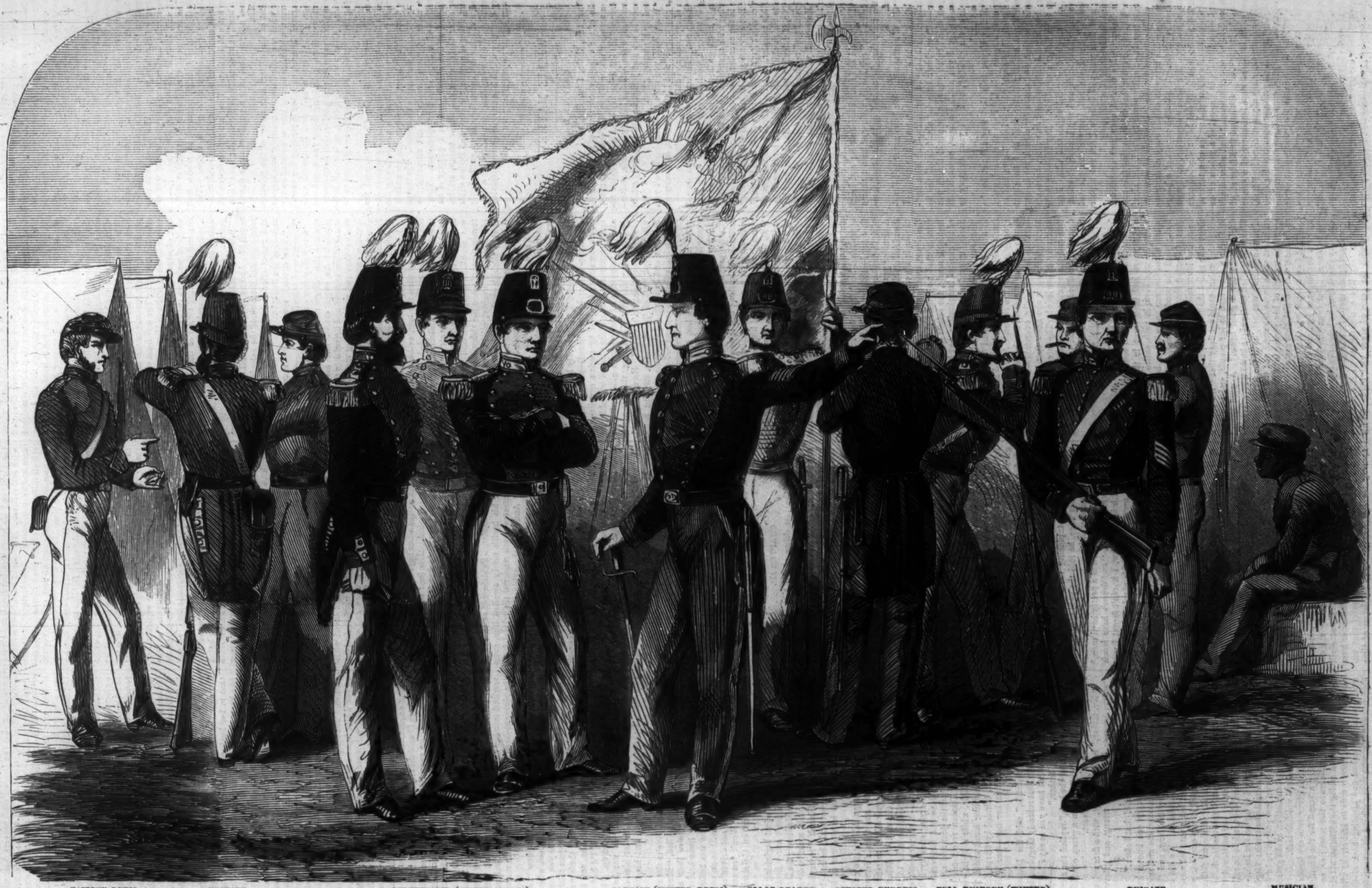
The portrait of the Prince of Wales, on the following page, will introduce our readers to that distinguished visitor, who, as we all know, will, in the course of a few weeks, enter the United States and make a hasty tour through the country.

There is absolutely nothing to be said of the Prince except that he was born at Windsor on 9th November, 1841, and is consequently in his nineteenth year; that he is the eldest son of Queen Victoria (being younger than his sister, the wife of Prince Frederic William of Prussia, by about a year); that he has been educated at Oxford, and returns to that university after his American tour; that he is universally reported to be a well-behaved, modest, and virtuous youth, a true son of a good mother.

Such a visitor—destined in the course of nature to become the sovereign of the power with which we are most closely allied and connected—deserves, and will doubtless meet with a hearty welcome and kind attentions from all conditions of our people. Let us hope that in this city he may escape the hands of the Aldermen, and their kith and kin.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNIFORM OF A COLONEL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—[See preceding Page.]


FATIGUE DRESS.
PRIVATE.
LIEUTENANTS (SUMMER DRESS).
CAPTAIN (WINTER DRESS).
COLOR-BEARER.
OFFICER UNDRESS.
FULL UNIFORM (WINTER).
PRIVATE.
MUSICIAN.

OUR VISITORS, THE REPUBLICAN BLUES OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SAVANNAH BLUES.

We publish on the preceding page a fine picture of the Savannah Republican Blues, a volunteer military company from Savannah, Georgia, which has been enjoying the hospitalities of the city during the past week. The Blues are one of the oldest military companies of Savannah, having been organized in 1808—fifty-two years ago. Since then it has had but four captains: Albert Cuthbert, deceased; Judge Nichols, of the United States Supreme Court; Robert Pooler, deceased; and the present captain, Anderson, who has now been in his post twenty-three years. Among the gentlemen on the excursion is one who has been in the company forty-three years. The Blues have also seen service, having been engaged in the war of 1812, and, later, in the war with Florida.

The uniform of the Blues is a dark-blue coat, with light-blue facings, trimmed in white, and light-blue pantaloons with white stripe. The whole is surmounted with the old-fashioned military hat and feather. They are not accompanied by a band, as none exists in Savannah; but in lieu thereof are provided with a couple of snare drums and fife.

Most of the officers and many of the privates wear what are called among military men service chevrons, which are bars of lace or worsted on the left arm of the coat, each bar indicating five years' service. The captain and first lieutenant each wear six of these, indicating thirty years, and one of the privates wears eight, indicating forty years' service. Others wear five, four, or less—all indicating the length of time they have continued to be members of the corps.

On Wednesday, 25th, the Blues departed for home in the steamship *Florida*. Prior to their departure they were entertained to a collation by the City Guard, their hosts, when speeches were made and appropriate sentiments expressed. The troops then marched down Broadway, and attracted the attention of a large crowd of spectators. They embarked at five o'clock, and in a quarter of an hour after the steamer got under weigh, amidst cheers, firing of cannon, the strains of Dodsworth's band, and other demonstrations of an enthusiastic farewell. We have seldom been visited by a military company which has attracted more attention or won higher respect among our people.

WILLIE MAYHEW.

CHAPTER I.

One, two, three, four, five, six! As the last stroke of the village clock stole over the bright, green meadow where Willie Mayhew was at play, he dropped the bat from his hand with boyish reluctance, saw the ball fall idly by his side, and resumed the cap and jacket he had laid away while heated by his merry game.

"Why, Will, you are a good one! Won't you play any more?" said his companion, in a mingled tone of reproach and entreaty.

"I can not. Father does not like me to play at all; but once a week he lets me play until six. Then I must go home," sighed Will, his cheek glowing with exercise, and his brown curls tossing idly in the evening breeze.

"But suppose you hadn't heard it strike six? You couldn't have gone in time then, could you?" said his tempter, with that shrewd expression of face to which childhood should be a stranger.

"No, if I hadn't heard it. But I did hear it; so I must go," rejoined Will.

"How will your father *know* you heard it? Can't you say you did not notice the time, and for once have your play out?" argued his wily comrade.

"That would be false. I *did* hear it; and I can not tell a lie," cried Will, a glow of honest shame at the mere thought mounting to his broad forehead.

"Oh, of course not. We boys never tell lies—we love truth so well; that is, we are so afraid of a licking. I'll bet you my knife—and it's a first-rater—you wouldn't be a bit afraid to tell the lie if you didn't think your father would thrash you when he found you out. Go *home*, sweet Willie Mayhew, the girl-boy, and tell your mammy to nurse you!"

"Simon, if you talk that way I'll not be the only one that gets licked. I am no coward, and I am not afraid of a whipping. I don't care half as much about making father mad as I do about grieving mother, and she never struck me in her life; but her sad face, when I do wrong, hurts me more than father's cow-hide. But I'll bear that, too, and stay and play till night, and when I go home I'll tell the truth, and say I wouldn't come, although I heard the bell, because you taunted me; and then you will believe I am not a poor coward that is afraid of a whipping!"

As he spoke his dilated eyes and contracted brow told of the spirit that dwelt in that fair and delicate temple—a spirit prone to good, but alas! too easily swayed by the idle words of another. False shame has many an untold story of destruction to answer for. The foolish taunts of a playmate, the sneers of a boon companion, have won many a young man from the home disobedience made hateful to the distasteful orgies of a tavern, to end his weary life in the cell of a prison or on the scaffold of a murderer. "And after death comes the judgment." Ah! that first false step! How often is it the sure forerunner of a career headlong down the steep abyss of crime! Pause, little pilgrim on life's pathway—pause while there is yet time. Stumble, even fall, on stony track—much will be forgiven to the young—but never willfully turn aside from what conscience whispers to be the right road; for each step takes you leagues away from honor, truth, and virtue, and when, worn out and weary, you strive to retrace your steps, the footprints have been effaced, your neglected guide has left you forever, and, shuddering and hopeless, you sink into the gulf that yawns to receive you! Willie Mayhew, where was the gentle angel that watches over childhood when, with feigned alacrity, you seized your discarded ball, and made the meadows ring with simulated laughter as it sped swiftly through the air, leaving your discomfited comrade, bat in hand, wondering at the strength pride and temper had bestowed upon your slender arm? Again and again the ball flew swiftly across the meadow, and through the air, balmy with the breath of the hay-field; cheerily did their laughter and boyish jests mingle with the sweet murmurs of a summer evening. When one has dwelt long in cities, how sweet and long remembered are those sounds, made more precious by their contrast to the harsh din of the crowded streets! The soft hum of the insects—a vesper hymn of praise to Him who gave their brief day of sunshine; the lowing of the cattle; the words of welcome that greet the returning laborer; and the echoing stroke of the axe, blend into a symphony of pastoral beauty—a gentle melody which, once heard and loved, can never be forgotten.

"Hark!" said Will, "what is that strange sound?" And as he spoke a swell of harmonious music greeted the ears of the astonished children, and rocket after rocket blazed through the gray mantle of the twilight.

"The circus! the circus!" shouted Simon. "Come boys! come!"

Away they flew over the green fields, until they reached the village street on which the tent was pitched. An eager crowd had assembled, who watched the rockets and listened to the band, who made polkas and marches ring merrily out, startling the accustomed echoes of the little New England town. Among the rest Will separated from his companions, entranced and rooted to the spot by what, to his childish imagination, seemed celestial harmony. A painter would have wished no better study than the boy, as he stood leaning on one of the ropes that surrounded the tent, his mind intent upon the music, and his fair young face reflecting the spirit of every air the band was playing. At length the music ceased; the "show" was about to begin; and Will with a sigh was turning away, when the ticket-seller, attracted by his uncommon beauty, called the child, and, unclosing the slit in the canvas, bade him pass in. A flush came to Will's cheek; he paused, and was about to decline the proffered kindness, when the band struck up a martial air, and yielding to a fascination so new, so delightful, he passed into the tent.

Oh how gorgeous, to his childish vision, was the scene before him! Twelve lovely ladies on steeds—white, cream, and parti-colored—pranced up and down the arena, followed by twelve cavaliers as finely mounted. Their white plumes waved in the air, the trappings of their horses glistened with jewels and gold! Willie had never thought earth contained any thing so beautiful. He remembered what he had read of Queen Sheba meeting King Solomon, and he imagined the scene must have resembled this that was spread before his astonished gaze. Each of the cavaliers seemed a miracle of grace and agility, as feat after feat bade Will's eyes glisten with delighted wonder. The jests of the clown he did not hear, for the continuous swell of the music wrapped his senses in a sort of intellectual intoxication; and it was not until the band ceased playing, and the extinguished lamps and retreating crowd aroused him from his trance, that Will, dazzled, confused, bewildered with delight, passed out from the region of enchantment to the well-known street of the village. Since night had come a storm had arisen. The rain fell in torrents, and flash after flash of lightning shed its blue flame upon his homeward way. Like one in a dream he paced slowly along, almost unconscious of the storm, until a sudden thought affrighted him as he approached his father's door. What would his father say?—that stern old Deacon, who lived a life of rigid rectitude, and hated sinners as he hated sin. A shudder passed through his frame, and an awful dread fell on him as the voice of that father seemed to ring in his ears, "The son of Deacon Mayhew at the circus, among profligates and castaways!" He remembered no longer the magic cavalcade, the inspiring music, the bright lamps, the fairy vision of his excited imagination, but his awful crime in having entered what his father thought an accursed place struck his affrighted soul. His disobedience in overstaying his appointed time had led to the fearful sin he felt he had committed in his father's eyes by going to the circus. And then his mother—who pled so earnestly for the few hours of pastime he had willfully overstaid—what would be her anguish when she knew that her boy was all unworthy of her love! The fate of the barren fig-tree and the unprofitable servant seemed to be his doom as, drenched, pale, and trembling, he raised the latch and stood before his father's face.

CHAPTER II.

Deacon Mayhew was no common man. His sixty years had been spent in the little village where he was born, in such entire rectitude that when, about fourteen years before, her dying father had placed the hand of his sad, shrinking child in that of Deacon Mayhew, on the very day after her betrothed lover sailed on a three years' cruise, even those who pitied the poor girl, forced into the uncongenial union, could not deny that "the Deacon had been a kind man to her people, and would no doubt make her a good home." A good home! Words how often profaned; a home where fear was always and love was not, until the feeble wail of an infant voice broke the spell, and the girl-mother spent the wealth of her young love upon the babe so delicate, so beautiful, that came like a snow-drop from the frozen earth into that chilled and desolate heart, a harbinger of joy, and hope, and gladness yet to come. But from the hour he looked into that tiny infant face, he hated the child he felt was worshiped by the mother who had never loved him. A man may live a strictly moral life for sixty years with the germ of every vice hidden in his breast. Deacon Mayhew had never swerved from the right, and his heart was hardened and strong with self-reliance. He would have been a better man had he sinned more. The charity that "beareth all things and is kind," knew him not; the gentle humility remembrance of past error gives us, was not with him. It was his pride to say no man had ever seen him stumble; he paid every man his due; worked late and early; fulfilled to the letter his duties in the church; and when he married so late in life it was in a spirit of self-sacrifice, as he and all the neighbors thought, to save the daughter of his friend from a marriage with the sailor lover to whom her heart was given, and from whose wild career of thoughtless folly her dying father resolved by this union eternally to separate her. "How good of the Deacon," said all men, "to take a foolish young wife, just that her father might die in peace!" "And how well he treats her!" echoed the women. The pale wife looked little paler when, a year after their marriage, news came that his ship was lost, and the lover, her father's harsh command had forced her to forsake, would trouble her no more. Let us hope the Deacon never knew how stern and cold his heart was when he prayed that very night, "May those predestined to eternal wrath be swiftly and suddenly cut off in their sins, nor be suffered to corrupt the wavering sinners who may yet be numbered with the elect!" He knew the cruel words went like a keen knife to the heart of the woman who knelt beside him; poor heart which that day's news had withered, yet like a stern Nemesis he pronounced, as he believed, Heaven's doom upon the man she had loved without one pitying glance, one gentle word. And because the infant face bore a strange and marked likeness to the drowned man did Deacon Mayhew hate the innocent child; yet he did not know he hated him. As he grew up his clothes were of the best, yet always so fashioned that Will looked strange and unlike other boys—that shame and sorrow to a boyish mind. His food was of the best, and unsparingly provided; but if he had a preference, that article was forbidden; if he expressed an aversion, that article was chosen. He was sent to school from infancy, and woe to him if by some childish fault he merited, as he but seldom did, the reproof of his teachers. Punishment so severe as to endanger his health surely awaited him, even when his extreme youth rendered the trivial fault excusable. And for all these things the wise world praised him more and more; and said—oh! wise old world—"What a good man is Deacon Mayhew! *He* does not dress his boy in gay clothes, although he is so handsome that he might well be the pride of his old eyes; *he* does not pamper his stomach with dainties; *he* does not let his faults remain unpunished: he is indeed a father!" And thus the harsh cruelty was called a virtue that was in truth a blending of revenge, malicious envy, hatred, and deceit, black and monstrous in its hidden strength. Nor was this unsuspected by its victim. He had seen the cold gray eye glisten as the lash came down upon his blood-stained shoulders, and knew the punishment was more a pleasure than a penance to his cruel father. As he grew older the boy's pride taught him to affect indifference; and he would bear the most unsparing chastisement without a murmur, while his mother, powerless to help, would stand beside him wringing her hands in unavailing grief, feeling every stroke, and praying for the pity she knew was a stranger to her husband's heart.

CHAPTER III.

When the last chime of the bell had sounded Mrs. Mayhew stood by her cottage door, watching eagerly for her boy's return. A stranger passing by would have paused to admire the trim garden, the neat white house, with its rustic porch gay with roses and honey-suckle, and the cozy simplicity of its interior arrangements, as the wind lifted the white curtains that shaded the windows. The house was indeed the model of a rural home; and the sweet pale face and modest dress of Mrs. Mayhew seemed well suited to a scene that shadowed forth a world of homely beauty. Yet, had the stranger known the spirit of austere tyranny that reigned in that humble cottage—could he have gazed into that woman's heart and read the dark history of care and sorrow that dwelt ever there—he might well have changed his admiring glance for an averted one, and his envy of the happy inmates for a sigh of earnest sympathy. As twilight deepened into nightfall the mother's anxiety grew momentarily, and, putting her apron over her head, she hastened from door to door seeking intelligence of her absent one. A kindly neighbor, of whom she inquired, told her he had seen the boy playing on the Green, and draining down his last glass of milk, and placing the rosy girl he was nursing off his knee, he told the pale mother that he would go and seek him.

"For I know the Deacon is a pretty hard man," he added, with a smile, "and doesn't have much patience with boys. Now, I haven't forgot I was a boy once myself; so if he is playing ball in the moonlight, or has gone to peep at the circus, I'll bring him home and beg off his whipping this time, any way."

Off went the peacemaker on his friendly mission; and Mrs. Mayhew, afraid to be absent from home when she expected her husband's coming, returned down the village street, straining her eyes to discover, in the shades of evening, some trace of the wanderer.

CHAPTER IV.

The cloth had long been spread, and the comfortable meal prepared, yet no footsteps sounded on the gravel-walk that led up to the door. The wooden clock ticked loudly, and seemed, to the excited nerves of Mrs. Mayhew, to utter words of terror. She tried to drown the sound by attending to some noisy household duties; but shrill and strong above the clatter of tea things or hum of her spinning-wheel rose the voice of that unsparing monitor, that marked the lapse of time since Will's hour of play had expired. Every evening at nine the Deacon read prayers, and the orderly household retired for the night; it lacked but little of that hour when his wife heard his step without the door. Firm and unfaltering was that step as were his resolves—the voice of the clock was silenced by the thick pulsations of her throbbing heart. She started from her seat; then, faltering in her resolve to tell of the truant's absence, and beg forgiveness, or at least mitigation of his punishment, she sunk back in her chair, caught up her knitting, and with trembling hands affected to be busied as, raising the latch, her husband entered the door.

"You need not have waited for me—I have had my supper," was his salutation as he sat down in his large arm-chair.

"Then I will clear away the things. I have a bad headache, and am not hungry," said his wife, rising hastily, glad to escape observation by busying herself about the table and the cupboard, while her agitation increased every moment. She saw that in her husband's face that made her tremble. She knew that his eyes were fixed upon her—that he read her inmost thoughts; yet, when he turned suddenly and asked, "Has William gone to bed?" she answered, "Yes," while the crimson flush of shame mounted to her forehead. The falsehood was useless as it was natural. Tyrants are ever the fathers of liars. Under gentle sway 'tis easy to confess a fault, more like to grieve than to offend; but the outbursts of unreasoning passion and the scourge create the very vices they affect to punish. The false monosyllable had scarcely passed her white lips when the trembling woman knew that its untruth must be patent; but, as she turned to explain, a keen flash of lightning lit up the face of her husband with a blue and ghastly glare, and a deafening peal of thunder drowned her faltering explanation.

"Listen!" said the stern old man, rising. "That is God's sentence upon liars!" and as he stood, the lurid light still playing about his features, and his long white hair streaming to his shoulders, he looked indeed like an inspired prophet, with power to pronounce the fiat of the Most High. What wonder that the faint and shrinking mother cowered before her husband's glance, and sank back terrified into her chair. At this moment, Graham, the pleasant-faced farmer, who had gone in search of Willie, entered the room.

"Good-evening, Deacon. Mrs. Mayhew was right uneasy about Will, so I've been to look where the little fellow had got to, and where do you suppose I found him? Why, in the circus, just fairly carried away. I tried to call him; but there was such a crowd there was no getting at him, and he wouldn't have heard me, bless you, if I'd had a voice like the thunder, he was so wrapped up. The show goes away to-night, and like as not he'll never have a chance to go again; so let him off this time, Deacon, just to favor me and his mother."

One glance did the stern husband give to the appealing face of his wife, and then replied, "Much obliged, Graham, for the trouble you've been at, but I can't change the rule of my household to please a neighbor. I heard where he was before. That boy has a hardened spirit, and will be an outcast and a prodigal if the evil one is not driven out of him." Graham rose to go. "Won't you stay and have prayer with us; it is just on the stroke of nine?"

"No, thank you, Deacon; it's just beginning to rain, and I'll get a ducking if I don't hurry home. Good-night: don't take on, Mrs. Mayhew; the Deacon won't do no more than he thinks must be done: he knows he was a boy once himself;" so saying, with a pitying glance at the poor wife, he left the cottage, thanking Heaven that he was not of his neighbor's household.

As he closed the door the large Bible was opened and the evening lesson read, and then a fervent petition offered that those predestined to eternal wrath might be swept from the earth. What a contrast did that fearful supplication offer to the sublime prayer that followed—a prayer common to all creeds—taught to the erring ones by Him whose tenets ever breathe love and forgiveness! The rain that falls alike upon the just and unjust poured in torrents as the Deacon rose from his knees, closed the large Bible, while a light step passed the window, a trembling hand undid the door, and the poor mother, blinded by terror, felt, rather than saw, that it was her boy—her Willie who entered the room.

"So you have come back," said the Deacon, with a stolid composure that scarcely disguised his inward passion. "What have you to say?"

"That I am sorry, father."

"Because you dread the lash," replied the stern old man, rising and taking down a green cowhide from the shelf of an adjoining closet.

"No, father," replied the boy, with a firm voice; "sorry, because I have done wrong, and grieved my mother."

"You should have thought of that before."

"I did think of it; but every one knows how you whip me, and the boys taunted me and said I was afraid; so I staid at play too long, and then we heard the music and followed it. We did not think of going to the circus, but a man let me in, and I forgot every thing until it was over—it was all so beautiful. Beat me if you please, father; but believe me, for I have told you the truth."

The Deacon made no reply, but motioned the boy to take off his jacket and shirt, while he rolled up his sleeves and prepared to lay on the lash.

"Forgive him! he has told the truth: forgive him this once, as you have just prayed to be forgiven!" gasped the wretched mother, as she grasped the arm that brandished the uplifted lash.

"It can not be. He is given into my hands to be saved from becoming a brand for the burning. Unloose your hold and leave the room; or, no—stay—he will suffer in seeing the affliction his sins cost you." With these words he laid stroke after stroke upon the naked and bleeding back of the high-spirited boy, who never winced or murmured while the lash descended upon his shoulders, until, faint and deathly sick, he could endure no longer, and, with a groan of anguish, he sunk senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

DEACON MAYHEW was asleep. The candle, which his wife shaded with her hand, showed her the stern features at rest, while his regular breathing showed his slumber to be deep and calm. Swiftly yet noiselessly she stole from the apartment, and creeping to her boy's bedside, leaned over him and kissed him.

"Is that you, mother? Oh, I have been so sick!"

"My darling! my darling! I thought you would die!" said the wretched woman. "But it shall never be again, Willie—never! never!"

"I am ashamed to look at you, mother. How could I be tempted to commit a fault that would bring you such misery? Forgive me, mother! oh, forgive me!" said the child, repentant tears welling up fast into the eyes his recent punishment had never moistened.

"It is I who need forgiveness, Willie—I alone. It is my sins my husband scourges in my child. Listen, darling! You shall hear your mother's story, and then my selfish love shall keep you here no longer. Do not despise me while you listen; for if my sin was great, my punishment has been hard to bear. My father was poor—so poor that sometimes we wanted bread—when my mother was taken ill, and Deacon Mayhew came to pray with her. I worked hard, and strove to keep her from suffering; but she often needed things we had no money to procure. He brought them to her, and the day she died promised that he would always be a friend to me. She had been dead but a few weeks when a neighbor's son, who had been my play-fellow, came back from sea. I was sixteen now, and he too was no longer a boy, but had become the mate of his ship. He loved me, Willie, and asked my father if I might be his wife. His ready hand had always helped my father, and we doubted nothing of his consent, and were so happy, when he told us he had promised I should marry Deacon Mayhew. I told him I could not love him—begged him to spare his child; but he had been taught to think that I was sinful, and that by this marriage alone I could be saved. He rejected our tears and prayers, and swore a dreadful oath that I should be the Deacon's wife. The ship was to sail next day. There seemed no hope for us. I wept—I prayed—I implored my father to pity my despair. He refused me—told me the doctor said he could not live, and that if I disobeyed him he would curse me with his dying breath. Then, in my agony of love and sorrow, I believed it right to listen—to yield—to think that my duty to my lover was paramount; that as he was the husband of my heart, and before Heaven the rightful claimant of my hand, it was no sin I committed when next I saw my father's face and told him—oh, hour of horror!—that I could never be the wife of Deacon Mayhew; that I had placed a dishonorable bar between us; that I was free no longer, but was the mistress and affianced wife of George Sanders—of your father!"

"My father!" said the boy, starting up in the bed.

"Hush!" and the wretched woman quailed in terror lest that word had roused the slumberer in the adjoining room; but the silence remained unbroken, and the trembling voice continued: "He was gone who alone could defend me. I was helpless in their hands. I told the Deacon all. My father painted the disgrace that we must suffer. They told me George would never return—that I must be an outcast. They showed me letters proving him a villain who had wronged others. I was mad, bewildered, and, like a drowning wretch, caught at any thing to save me from the shame that seemed inevitable. He said—that stern old man—he would forgive my fault. Willie, he does not know the word! When I knew that you, the proof of my shame to him, were to be born, I begged that he would let me go and leave him forever; but no—he said the child should be as his, and no one should ever know the truth; but when his eyes first rested on your face, he saw whose features that face bore, and hated you; and from that hour till now my life has been one scene of agony. He could not scourge a helpless babe, but he could prophesy the evil that must await you; and while I still, trembling, hoping, prayed your father would return and claim me—forgive my sad belief of his untruth—and bear me hence to some far distant country, news came that his vessel was lost, and he who alone could save me, he was drowned. Ah, Willie, then did the old love centre in you. Judge how I have felt each pang, inflicted for what I knew were trivial faults. But it shall be no longer. You must go, Willie. You must leave your poor mother; and when you grow to be a man come back to me—come back to me, my darling, and I will claim you, my treasure, my all, my darling, darling child." And with convulsive sobs she strained her boy to her heart.

"You shall go with me, mother. I can work for you. We may not fare so well as we do now, but we will be much happier."

"No, darling, I have been selfish long enough. You can steal away, and no one will find you; but were I to go, we should be followed, caught, and you would feel again that horrid lash. No, no, no. You must go alone, and I will wait here for you, Willie, to pray for, to think of you always—always, darling, until they lay me in the church-yard." And mingling their sobs of anguish, the poor mother and her child, clasped in each other's arms, wept bitterly, while the calm breathing of the Deacon sounded audibly in the adjoining room. "Now, Willie, try to sleep. I will go and get such things as you most require."

"Don't leave me, mother; I can not bear to have you from my side."

"I will not leave you, darling; it will be but a moment's task." And with the thoughtful care a woman seems to retain even in the deepest extremity of grief, she selected the clothes and food most easily conveyed in a small bundle, returning ever and anon to kiss his brow, to press his hand, or whisper some low word of fond endearment, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, and blinded her swollen eyes as she passed noiselessly from room to room. At length her preparations were completed; and bathing and dressing the wounds inflicted by the lash, she raised the poor child from his bed, and aided his stiff and trembling limbs in the task of dressing. When all was done she drew a little purse from her pocket—the fruits of her own industry formed its contents—and begging Willie again and again to be good and careful of himself, to write to her when he could do so without being found out, but never to come back until he could do so safely—all, all the anxious charges love could prompt.

"Don't think of me as being wretched, Willie. I shall try to be so contented and happy when I know you are safe. You must be safe with strangers; they can not help but love you, my pretty, darling boy."

The child, with earnest protestations, promised all—how good and obedient he would be—how he would work and strive for her sake—how she, too, must strive to be well and happy for his. With tearful eyes he looked around the little room her love had endeared to him; long did he remember each object his eyes rested upon. They descended the stair, unclosed the door—the sky was inky dark, and not one star was to be seen. The clock ticked loudly, as on the preceding night, and as it struck three the mother clasped her boy for a farewell embrace. Her heart grew cold and dead within her; she felt that this trial was more than she could bear. To close the door, perhaps forever, upon her only child—to steal back up that stair-way his loved feet might never pass again—to look upon the little bed where he had lain, the pillow still wet with their tears—and lie down by the side of him who had caused all. No, no—he must not go; they must be together. But then the scene of last night— He must go—he must go!

"Bless you, darling! Be good. God will be your father—all men your friends. Do not clasp me so tightly, darling; I can not breathe. Go, Willie, go! God's blessing go with you, and all a mother's love!"

"I will come back, mother, a man. I am thirteen now; and soon I shall be able to take care of you. I will be good—indeed, indeed I will. God bless you, mother!"

She could not speak. With one fond embrace he goes out into the dusky night. She hears the sound of the loved footsteps grow fainter and yet fainter; and when they sound no more she fastens the door, ascends the stair, and falls senseless across the blood-stained bed of her lost darling.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT into the darkness, he passed along the well-known street. Although he could distinguish no objects, his way was easily found. Silence reigned unbroken; and the thought of the past night—of his punishment—of his mother's story—would have seemed like a horrid dream, had not his weakness and suffering from the effects of his fearful chastisement been too plainly felt for him to doubt that he was really an outcast wanderer, with no plan for the future, save to escape the tyranny that had so long encompassed him. Too young to fully comprehend his mother's story, he was well content to bear the stigma of his birth rather than the pain of owing obedience to such a father. He was free! That sweet thought gave swifter motion to his limbs, yet stiff and sore were they; and when daylight broke, and he saw how short a distance lay between him and pursuit, he felt how hopeless was his endeavor to escape; and weary and sick at heart was the boy as he sat down by the road-side, with no kind mother's tears to mingle with his own, and wept—the desolate only know how bitterly.

A cheery voice close beside him caused him to raise his eyes, to see his friend of the circus driving a close wagon, filled with bundles.

"What's the matter, my lad?"

"I am sick and lame, Sir, and can not go to the next town, as I was desired to do by my mother."

"She must be a hard mother to send a sick boy on such a journey. Why, it is fifteen miles at least! Jump in here; I'll give you a lift on your way."

So saying, he helped the boy into his wagon, where, laying his curly head down upon a package, he was soon fast asleep; and it was not until his kind driver arrived at the village, put up his horses, and ordered his breakfast, that he shook Will kindly by the shoulder.

"Oh, please don't, Sir, you hurt me!"

"Why, is your shoulder sore?"

"Yes, Sir," said Will, with a blush of shame, and his interrogator uttered an exclamation of horror, as, turning back the boy's shirt-band, he saw his blood-stained and disfigured back.

"Did your father do that? But I need not ask—no man ever whipped his own child like that."

"It was an old man who has always taken care of me: it was for going to the circus last night."

"Poor boy! So I got you into that scrape, did I? Well, I'll take care to get you out of it. Lie still here in the wagon so no one may see you. I'll bring you some breakfast, and as soon as the horses are fed I'll drive right on to Boston with you. We give three shows there next week, and then we sail for Panama. You shall go with us if you like, and be a circus boy."

Grateful for the kindness of his rough protector, fearful that he might be overtaken, yet dreading lest his acceptance of this offer might take him forever from his mother, the poor child sobbed out his thanks, and, covering up his head, sank again to sleep. Sweet slumber of youth, you visit us no longer when that golden time is past; but how tranquil and blessed art thou! The lacerated back, the aching limbs, the sad heart filled with fond thoughts of the absent mother, all were forgotten in the gentle sleep that stole with peaceful spell over still swollen and weary eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a signal for rejoicing among the red-shirted miners of El Dorado county when the lead horses of the "Great Mammoth Circus," of Lee and Marshall came winding down the circuitous road that leads to the town of Placerville. Their advent had been duly placarded on numerous bills of red and blue, so monstrous in their proportions that it seemed problematical whether any one wall in this town of shanties could contain them. Be it remembered, when we speak of shanties, that we speak of '53, when it had just lost its ignoble title of Hangtown. The bills had a due effect, and curiosity was all agog to witness the wonderful feats thereon depicted. This curiosity was nothing dulled when beautiful horses, ponies of fabulous smallness, and a car full of musicians paraded the street, and gave abundant promise how grand a show might be expected. Children were almost an unknown thing at that time in California: but the men were almost childish in their desire for something to break the monotony of life in that mountain region; and when the circus canvas was pitched, and the band stationed without commenced to play, hundreds of representatives, of all grades and nations of our American population, thronged around the door eager for admission, but beguiling the tedious interval of time by tossing up heads or tails who should pay for tickets, or enjoying an impromptu game of poker, played on the head of a barrel or the crown of a hat. The fatiguing journey over, the troupe hastily busied themselves with preparations for the active tasks that lay before them; and those who, an hour hence, roared at the jests of the clown, or shouted in tumultuous admiration at the feats of the athletes, little knew how wearily the men who uttered the jests, or performed the wonderful "feats of agility and strength" for which their dollars and plaudits were required, had crept along the dry and dusty road as they entered the town. Journey after journey—performance after performance—made their nomadic life a hard one. Arriving in a town at sunset, they played that night, and by two the next morning the tent was struck, the gaudy trappings exchanged for sober harness, and away they went to the next town—perhaps twenty miles distant—where they must perform again at 12 M., and then repeat the toil of the night before. Was it any wonder that the strongest felt the burden of such a life as being almost intolerable, or that the young and weak sunk beneath its weight? Yet those who witnessed the performance would never have dreamed that the smiling, graceful figures before them were suffering from fatigue; and on this night cheer after cheer greeted each new rider, whose feats seemed always to surpass those of his predecessor. At length Mr. Merryman, in his own peculiar way, announced "Master Willie," and a beautiful boy, whose long, fair curls reached below his shoulders, giving a feminine delicacy to his features, sprang lightly into his saddle, and paced slowly around the arena, his white horse champing the bit and pawing the earth, seemingly impatient to begin. The boy was dressed as a sailor, and when the ring-master announced "The Sailor Boy's First and Last Cruise," the clown's response that he never wanted to see the last of such good-looking crews met with a hearty rejoinder from the audience. And now began the act. Obedient to the crack of the whip, the white horse galloped swiftly around the arena, while the young horseman, with the very eloquence of grace, told the story of a young sailor's life. Now it was the boy, delighted with the novelty of all around him; anon it was the home-sick child, yearning for the mother he might never see again. At length the storm seemed to rise; you could imagine him mounting the shrouds, and swaying on the tall mast, backward and forward, over the foaming waves below. Then the tempest struck the ship with redoubled fury—she was lost—and the form of the brave boy seemed battling with the billows, until, worn out and overcome, he addressed a last prayer for pardon, and lay upon his back a floating corpse.

So truly was the scene depicted—so engaging was the air of the little rider—that many of the rough auditors found a strange moisture dimming their sight, and a storm of applause, and a tumultuous recall, summoned the hero of the night back to his scene of triumph. Scarce a moment elapsed when he returned, but no longer as the sailor boy. A suit of flesh-colored silk developed the fine proportions of his form; a short skirt, confined around the waist by a blue scarf, completed his attire; and again the voice of the master announced him as "The Pearl-fisher." And now was his performance most wonderful in its graphic power, portraying to the life the scene he endeavored to depict. Now he seemed to swim through the blue waters; now to gain a prize, secrete it in his girdle; now hasten for another. At length his strength seemed to give way. He struggled to return—it was too late—and, tossing his arms wildly, he fell across the body of his horse. So naturally was this done that no one dreamed it to be a real exhibition of suffering until, as to a solemn strain of music, he was led around the arena, a bloody foam was seen issuing from the mouth of the boy. In an instant the audience sprang to their feet, and a murmur of voices proffering help, or demanding what was the matter, filled the place of the music. Nor was their tranquillity restored when it was announced that the boy had had a fit, to which, they added, he was subject. Many left the tent, and the remainder of the performance was hurriedly given; and the dispersing crowd hastened to their homes saddened and depressed, they scarce knew why.

Poor Willie Mayhew—for the youthful rider was no other than the little ball-player of the New England village—had been placed upon a shutter and carried over to the "Saint Charles," where he lay on a settee in the bar-room, one of his comrades holding his head, another bathing his brow on which the death-damp had settled, and another chafing his hands; while even the rudest of the motley throng around him subdued the harsh, loud tones of their voices, and stepped softly, lest they should disturb the faint moans of the dying child.

"Make way for the doctor!" cried a dozen voices, and the tall form of the only medical practitioner the place could boast might be seen towering above the crowd who surrounded the boy. Of his skill in the healing art fame spoke highly, and a long term of service in the Mexican war had taught him how to compel the prompt obedience of his patients—a chief ingredient in the cure for that wild state of society where intemperance was the chief cause of disease. No word of his was ever disregarded; and when he demanded "a room where this boy can be quiet," the landlord unclosed the adjoining parlor, and in a moment four stout fellows had borne the little fellow within, and, in accordance with the doctor's instructions, had left him alone with his patient.

Drawing a small phial from his pocket, the physician introduced it between the clenched lips of the child, and in a few moments the half-opened eyes closed, the jaws relaxed their stiffness, and the rigid limbs grew pliant, while a long sigh told of returning consciousness.

"Well, my little man, are you better?"

"Much better, thank you, Sir."

The doctor felt the feeble fluttering pulse, went to the bar-room door, gave some instructions, and returned.

"You have worked too hard—traveled too much."

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you very tired?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, my poor boy, you are going to have a long, long, quiet rest now." The child did not quite catch the meaning of the words, but smiled faintly, and said he was very glad, only if he was idle too long he would not be able to make any money.

"Bah! money already! How old are you?"

"Fourteen next June, Sir."

"Where is your home?"

"In New England, Sir."

"That's bad—too far off by half for a job like this. Have you got parents living?"

"A mother, Sir," and tears filled the large blue eyes. "It was for her I wanted to make money."

"Ah, well, that was right enough; but it is a pity you had no one to advise you to take care of yourself. My poor boy, you are very ill."

"I have been quite as bad before, Sir. I don't mind it. You can tell our people I will be ready to start with them when they are fixed for starting."

"Yes, my child; you will be ready, I hope, for an easier journey. Think of any thing you would like written to your mother. You can not live, my boy, more than an hour."

"My mother—my poor, poor mother!" gasped the boy; and seizing the doctor's arm, he said, "can nothing be done so that I might live to reach home?"

The doctor shook his head.

"See, I have diamonds here sewn in my clothes. I have hoarded every cent to buy them to take them home to her. Will you send them to her?"

"That I will, my poor child, safely and surely." And with hasty hands he wrote down name and address, and transferred them, with the valuables, to his side-pocket. "What shall I tell your mother?"

"That I was not afraid to die, Sir; that I trust my sins will be forgiven, for I forgave *him* all—she will know, Sir, what I mean. Tell her I never forgot her last words—that I have tried hard to be good." As he spoke the door opened, and the ticket-seller, pale and haggard, his eyes filled with tears, entered hastily and knelt by the side of the dying child.

"Don't mind me, Sampson. You have been very kind to me always. I have told the doctor what to do about mother"—and here the weak voice trembled. "Perhaps you may go to our village, Sampson, sometime. If you see her, tell her, please, I was a good boy, and tried to do what would make her able to come and live with me. You won't forget to tell her I was only sorry to die for her sake, and that I had no hard thoughts about the past."

A broken sob was the only answer.

"Don't be unhappy about me; it is better so. Tell her, please, I did not grow much; she will know me again when we meet there."

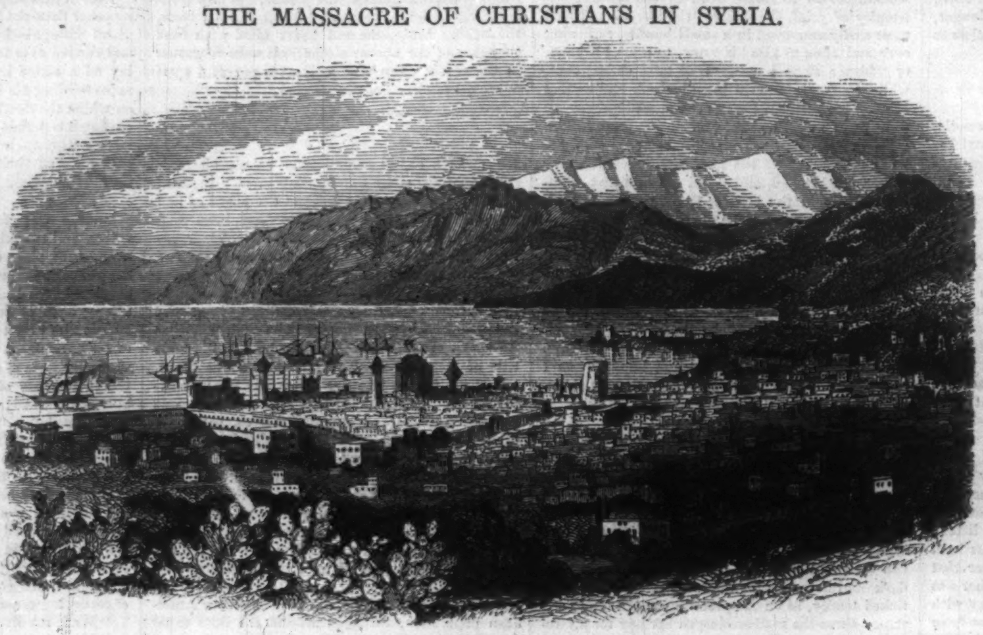
With a smile upon his lips, and the feeble hand pointing upward, the soul of the little wandering circus-boy returned to Him who gave it.

Letter and package were duly sent, and a narrow grave dug under one of the pine-trees that grow by the Sierra Nevada, where the little form was laid to rest. The doctor read the service, and there were few present who did not shed tears over the lonely grave by the hill-side, with its simple inscription—the last words of the dying child—"Tell mother I did not grow much; she will know me when we meet again."

On a Sunday afternoon, while Deacon Mayhew is exhorting, many a rough-handed, red-shirted miner forsakes the festivities of the faro bank, the cock-pit, or the bar-room, and sits silently by that little grave, while the wind moans sadly through the pines and hemlocks, and, with his face buried in his hands, recalls the image of the dead boy, and wishes that his own life may hereafter be so blameless, that sin will not so distort his features nor corrupt his soul, that he, too, may not hope to be remembered by the loved ones of his youth,

"In the land of the hereafter."

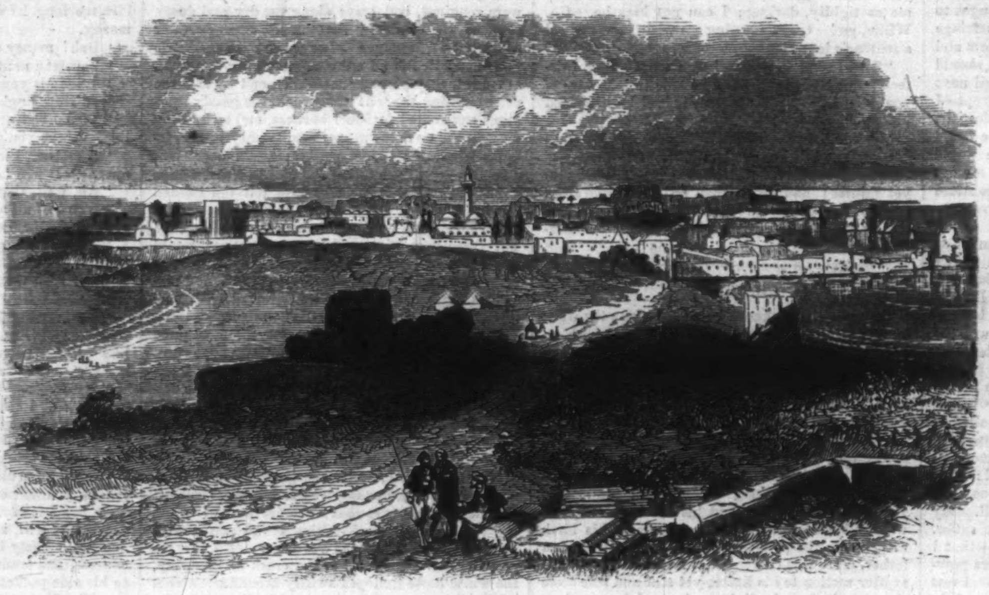
THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN SYRIA.



BEYROUT.

We have given from time to time, of late, in the news department, accounts of the recent massacres of the Christians of the Lebanon. We now publish on this page pictures of the three principal cities which figure in these accounts—to wit: Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout.

Lebanon, which forms part of Syria, and is under the Turkish dominion, contains about 400,000 inhabitants, gathered into something like 600 towns and villages. Of these the largest are Zayleh, with a population of 11,000; Dheir-el-Kamar, with 7000; Hasbeiya, with 6000; and Rasheiya, with 2500—all four of which have been scenes of frightful massacres within a few weeks. The inhabitants of Lebanon are Druses, Maronite Christians, Jews, Greeks, Moslems, Arabs, etc., etc.—a heterogeneous assemblage of opposite races, professing hostile creeds, and, as a general rule, all hating their neighbors bitterly, and only restrained from making war upon each other by the strong arm of Government. Ten and twenty years ago the Arabs and Druses used not unfrequently to molest the Maronites and Greek Christians; but the laws of that day were so strict that the evil-doers seldom escaped punishment. The very individual to whose treachery the present outbreak is ascribed—Saied Bey—on one occasion made prisoners of all the Arabs in a whole district, because one of them had robbed the house of a Maronite priest. The Crimean war altered all this. The object of Russia in making war upon Turkey was to compel the Sultan to adhere to his treaty stipulations with regard to the protection of the Christians in Syria, in Asia Minor; France and England, by espousing the cause of Turkey, and worsting the Russians, defeated that object, and left matters, so far as the Christians are concerned, in a worse condition than they were before. True, the Sultan has issued a *Hatti-Humagoun*, or proclamation, commanding all his officers to protect Christians against molestation; but the Beys and Pashas pay very little attention to the document, and practically it is understood throughout Asiatic Turkey that the Christians were beaten in the war, and that the other creeds are at liberty to maltreat them. The outbreak at Jeddah, some months since, and the recent massacres in Lebanon, may be regarded as the natural consequences of the victories of the allied army in the Crimea.



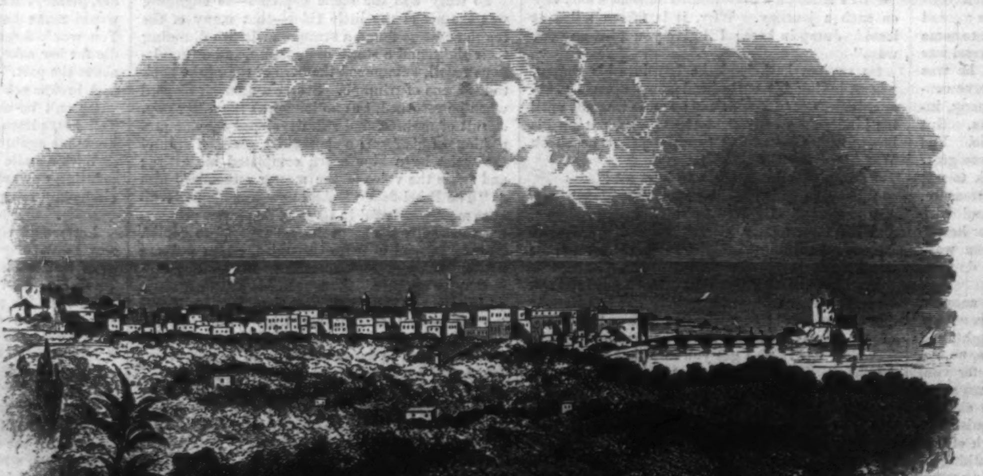
TYRE.

The Druses, who have been the authors of the recent massacres, are a race of robbers, of Arab origin, who inhabit Southern Lebanon: they are said to number 100,000 souls. For some months they have been on bad terms with the Christians; in the end of May last they took the field openly, and attacked the principal Christian villages. One of the first places assailed was Dheir-el-Kamar, a place (as above mentioned) of 7000 inhabitants, most of whom are Christians, and containing a convent of Maronite nuns. This place could not be defended, and when the Druses attacked it, the inhabitants surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared and no outrage committed. The Druses were no sooner in the place than they commenced their fiendish work; the women (including the nuns) were violated, the men murdered, and the town laid desolate. A few survivors, who fled toward Lebanon, were butchered on the way by a band of Moslems and Druses. Similar scenes took place at Hasbeiya, Rasheiya, and elsewhere.

Of the massacre at Hasbeiya, a correspondent of the London *News* says:

> "The village was attacked by an overwhelming body of Druses on Saturday, June 2. The Christians armed to repel them, and for two days held their own, on the third driving back their enemy. Hitherto the commander of the Turkish troops had stood aloof, although—as was the case at Sidon, at Dheir-el-Kamar, and at Rasheiya—he had troops enough at his command to repel and defeat the Druses, had he so wished. When he saw that the Christians were gaining the day he called them back, and in the name of the Sultan ordered them to retire within the seraglio (a large building covering nearly an acre of ground, and containing the residence of the commander as well as the barrack), and to give up their arms, as he, the local representative of the Government, would conduct them all safe to Damascus, where they would be better than in the Hasbeiya, while the civil war lasted. The Christians obeyed him, returned, gave up their arms, which were immediately packed up and sent toward Damascus, but with so absurdly small an escort that the Druses took possession of both the muskets and the mules that carried them within an hour of their leaving the place. The Christians asked again to be sent with their families, as promised, to Damascus. For nearly a week they were put off with some pretext or other, until, on the sixth day after their being disarmed (during which time the Turkish soldiers had prevented any of them from leaving the precincts of the seraglio), two Druse sheiks of great influence arrived, and had a conference of several hours with the Turkish commander of the troops. No sooner was this conference ended than the Christians observed that the harem (wives, women, and children), as well as the property of the commander, was removed from the seraglio, and that the Turkish soldiers also removed their baggage outside. Suspecting treachery, many of the Christians tried to escape from the place, but were prevented by the bayonets of the troops, while their women and children were ordered and compelled to remove to the large upper chambers of the buildings, the men being forced to remain below. By this time it was known that many hundreds of armed Druses were close to the town. The troops had hardly made the aforesaid arrangements when the Druses were admitted into the seraglio, and rushed like hungry tigers upon the unarmed mob in the court-yard. No man was spared. In ten minutes the very stones were inch-deep in human blood. No butchery ever known in history equaled this in ferocity and cowardice. In half an hour upward of a thousand strong men were hacked to death. Some few tried again to escape, but were driven back by the bayonets of the Turkish soldiers (regular troops, not Bashi Bazouks), and the Druses had their revel of blood undisturbed—mothers, wives, daughters, and young children witnessing from above the massacre of their relatives. I could enter into more details, but sicken at the task. Would to Heaven that it were a fable or a dream. In the slaughter some few hid in out-of-the-way chambers; others escaped notice from being heaped over by the dead, and these, by God's mercy, managed in the night to escape, wandered down to the coast, where one Ali Bey, a Metuali chief, protected them, and so to Tyre, where they took ship to Beyroot, and arrived here on Saturday evening, the 16th inst. Of the fate of the women and children nothing is yet certain, but from what is known of Turkish soldiers it is feared that the fate of the former will be one worse than death. Of the Protestant community not a man escaped."

At Dheir-el-Makhallis the Druses attacked the celebrated Greek monastery which has made the place dear to all travelers; tricked the monks into a surrender, murdered most of them, destroyed their inestimable library, which contained priceless manuscripts, stole their plate, and in a few hours gutted the richest religious establishment in Syria. Those who have read Dr. Thomson's description of this monastery (in "The Land and the Book") can realize the extent of the mischief done.



SIDON.

On 1st June Sidon was attacked. Fugitive Christians from Southern Lebanon were flying thither for refuge; the Druses, joined by some equally savage Moslems, attacked them near and in the city, and butchered most of them in sight of the Turkish garrison, which (relying upon the lesson taught by the Crimean war) carefully abstained from interference. But for the appearance of a French and a British vessel of war in the harbor, it is probable that no Christians would have been left to tell the tale. Tyre, it is said, was saved by an Englishman, who sailed his yacht into the harbor, landed his guns, and made preparations for fighting; this prospect did not suit the Druses, and Tyre escaped.

Last of all we hear of the fall of Zayleh, which was besieged by the Druses early in June. The besieging army consisted of Druses, Arabs, and Moslems—all robbers, greedy for booty, bloodshed, and sensual license. The little town resisted several days, fighting a battle each day, and defending their homes bravely; but on 17th ultimo the Druses were reinforced by a number of fugitive Africans and Bedouins, and succeeded in storming the place. Every one was given up to the sword, and from the reports it appears that neither age nor sex were spared. The city was pillaged, after which the brutal conquerors made their way back to Dheir-el-Kamen. Some noble deeds were done by the garrison. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes:

> "The defense of Zayleh, the most warlike town in Lebanon, was conducted with much spirit. As an illustration of the manner in which the desperate forlorn hope of the Christians behaved in this last battle, in which about seven thousand Druses and Arabs were engaged in the siege, we will refer to one case only at present.
>
> "The Druses had gained the suburbs of the town, and had succeeded in setting fire to about a score of houses, when the Christians rallied and drove them out upon the plain. The Druses were led by a most ferocious and blood-thirsty chief, Kange el Amad. In the Christian army was a lad of fourteen years of age, who determined to die in defense of his home. He rushed into the ranks of the enemy, and, shooting the chief, fell, pierced by spears and bullets.
>
> "The chief was killed, and the little hero shared his grave."

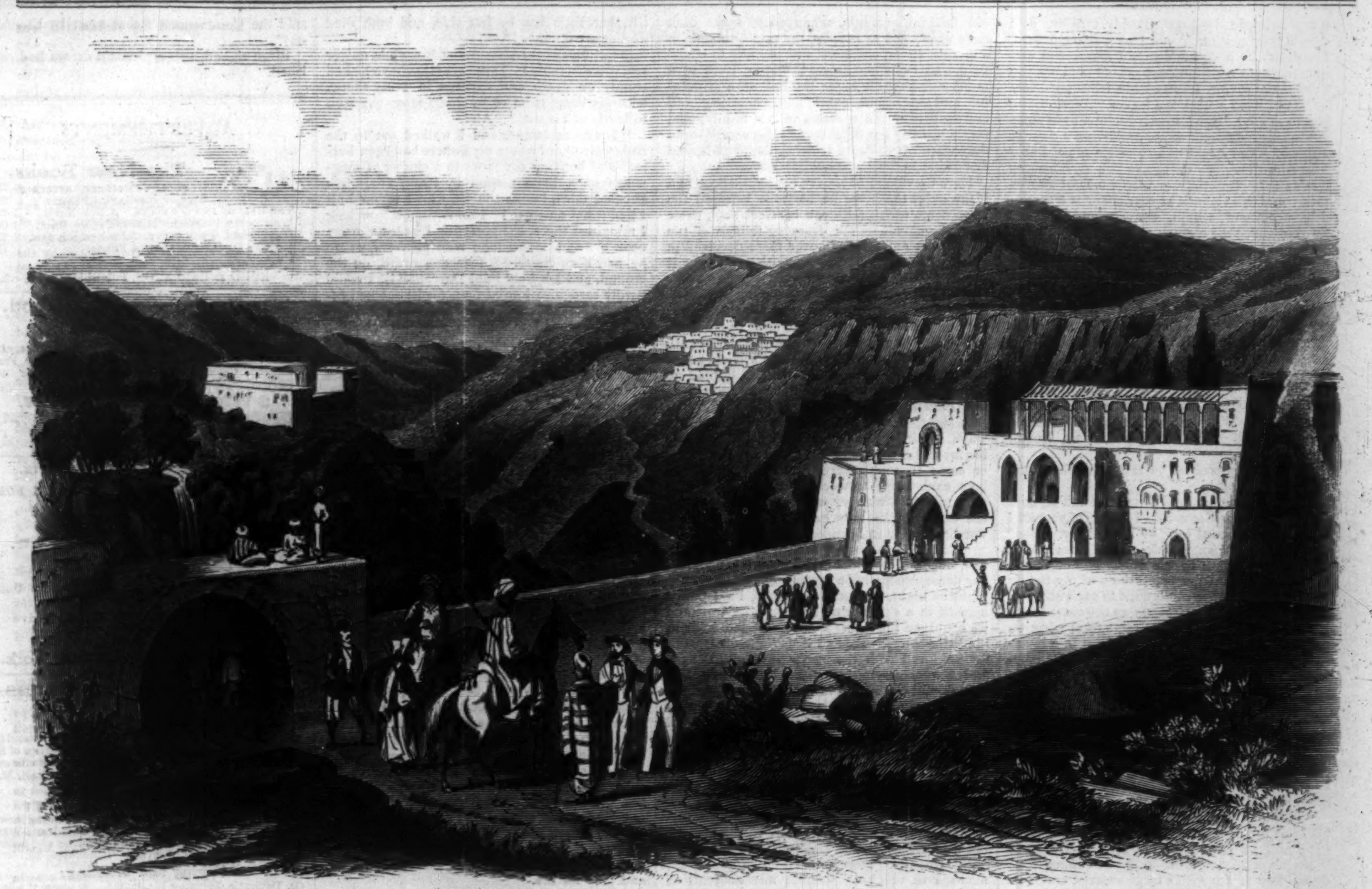
What renders these outrages more pitiable is that the towns and villages laid desolate were prosperous and happy; their Christian inhabitants produced wine, oil, silk, and corn in abundance; they were the nucleus of a thriving community. All is now destroyed; the work of a generation has been swept away. Hasbeiya, which is mentioned above, contained a Protestant community of two hundred souls—only two of whom survive. They had been energetic and prosperous enough to build them a church.

Beyrout is the present refuge of the Christian fugitives. The town is full of starving men, women, and children from Southern Lebanon. Trade is suspended; there is no demand for labor, and the fugitives are mostly supported by the foreign consuls. One writer says it is like a deserted town, the harbor crowded with men-of-war, signaling each other, and making preparations for active service as if in a state of war. Some residents write that they expect the town to be attacked, and assert that the Druse army numbers twenty thousand men. Others look to Damascus as probably the next point which will be attacked.

We hear that England and France are about to interfere actively on behalf of the Christians of Lebanon. It is to be hoped that they may do so soon. 'Twould have been perhaps better, however, to have thought a little more of them, and a little less of the "balance of power," five and six years ago.

At latest dates we hear that Fuad Pasha had been sent as a special envoy to Syria to stop the massacres, and that, in view of this step, France and England had agreed to abstain from interference. This news will hardly be regarded as satisfactory by those who sympathize with the Christians of Syria. The Druses have now ascertained their superiority to the Christians, and their power to massacre them when they choose. With this knowledge it is not likely that they will remain quiet for any length of time. The bitterest hatred animates all the rival sects, and Turkey has not the power to keep them in control.

We mentioned above that the Maronites, like the Greek Catholics and the members of the Greek Church, are Christians, though professing many doctrines unknown to Christianity as we understand



BETTEDIN, MOUNT LEBANON, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DRUSE EMIR.

it: the Druses profess a form of religion known only to themselves, and apparently involving heathenish rites and doctrines.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ESCONDIDO.

There were pleasant sounds—the low, sweet tones of women's voices—inside the villa of Escondido. Two lovely matrons were sitting within that lofty saloon, hand clasped in hand, and gazing with glowing pride upon a lovely girl, who waved lithe as a lily on its stem before them.

It is about seventeen years since we last saw this charming trio. And now look at them, old bachelors, and tell me if, while old Time has been scraping the hair off your own selfish heads, and pinching the noses, too, of the ancient maids beside you, the scything old wretch has not spared these lovely matrons? Look at their rounded forms, those soft dimpled cheeks, and those bands of brown tresses, kissing the pear-shaped ears before they are looped up in one magnificent knot of satin at the back of the head. Look at them, you miserable old procrastinators, and then kneel down before the ancient damsels you have sneered at, even if they have the pelican gout and a crow's-foot at the corners of their eyes! They are better than you are, any day; so bear a hand, send for the parson—and now stand back.

But come here, my young gallants, and take a peep at that Bordelaise damoiselle standing before those fair matrons. Strange to say, she is nearly a blonde, with large blue eyes, so very blue that—fringed with lashes that cast a shade over the cheek—they seem almost black. Then, too, that low, pure forehead, with great plaits of hair going round and round her elegant head, like a golden turban, and thin hoops of rings quivering in the pearl-tipped ears. Tall and waving in figure, as maidens are; with slim, arched feet, dimpled at the ankle; and round, dimpled, tapering fingers, too; with a wrist so plump and soft that no manacles of bracelets could press it without slipping off the ivory hand. Dressed she was in a light mousseline, coyly cowering in loose folds around her budding bosom to the slender waist, where, clasped by a simple buckle of mother-of-pearl, it fell flowing in gauzy, floating waves to her feet. Look at her, my gallants, for she is Rosalie!

"They are coming to-day, my aunt; and Uncle Jules says that our dear old Captain Blunt has just arrived at Kingston, and is coming with them."

"What else, my daughter?"

The girl held a letter before her face, maybe to hide a little blush which suffused her cheeks.

"Why, maman, he writes that the spring-cart, with Banou, was to start overnight with the 'traps'—that means trunks, I suppose—and that—"

"What, Rosalie?"

"That there is a handsome young officer, the nephew of Commodore Cleveland—merci, maman! some of Uncle Jules's nonsense!"

No such great nonsense, after all, mademoiselle, when your Uncle Piron tells you to keep that fluttering little heart safe within your bodice, for there are thieves in blue jackets in the island of Jamaica. Strange, too, as she spoke—with her animated face, large blue eyes, and graceful, wavy figure—how much she resembled both those lovely women, with their darker coloring, who sat smiling sweetly upon her.

"Oh! here comes Uncle Banou. Well, my good Banou, what news of your master?" said Madame Piron, as she put out her hand to the black, who raised it respectfully to his lips.

"He will be here with his friends at sunset, eh! And Mademoiselle Rosalie must place the gentlemen's things in their rooms, and see that the billiard-house has some cots made ready in it."

"Nothing more?"

"No, Madame."

Through the brilliant vegetation, along the uneven road, came the sound of horses' feet, with hearty shouts and laughter; and presently appeared a cavalcade, mounted on mules and horses, all making the forest ring with merriment.

Ahead came Tom Stewart, on a small, sure-footed pony; and beside him Mr. Tiny Mouse, reefer, on a high mule, with a scrubbing-brush mane, looking like a fly pennant at the mast-head of the frigate—kicking his little heels into the old mule, as if that mule minded it even so much as to shake his long ears! Then, straggling in the centre, were Darcantel, Stingo, and Paddy Burns; and behind them came a tall, muscular man, on a mettled barb, which he controlled by a touch of his little finger. And at his side, on the most diminutive of the donkey breed, with feet touching the ground, clung stout Jacob Blunt, the sailor, in a more dreadful trepidation than he had ever known on board his old teak-built brig, lying there in the roads of Kingston; while the rear was brought up by Piron and Commodore Cleveland.

"Now, you little mad-cap, look sharp when we turn the curve of the mountain, and you'll catch a peep at Escondido; and don't you pinch that old mule again on her rump, or she'll pitch you up into that silk cotton-tree."

"If it pleases Providence to restore me safely to my dear old *Martha Blunt*, I'll take my davy never to sit astride of any darn brute on four legs again!" This mild vow came from the lips of Jacob Blunt, and he honestly meant every word he said.

"Give us another jolly song, Stingo! it will keep your throat clear for the claret. A Creole one, my lad, it will make the cattle move faster."

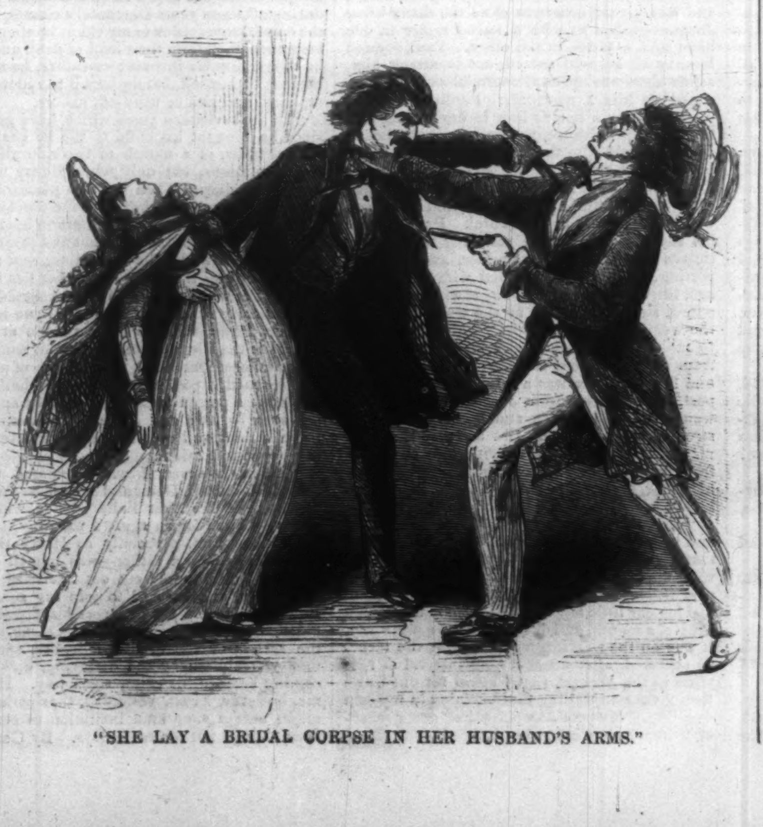
"For the sake of my old timbers, Sir, and as you vally my wife's blessing, don't sing! There, you infarnal beast, you've yawed sharp up into this ere bush, and put my starboard glim out forever! I say, Don Spanisher, don't sing—I'm going fast enough!" shouted the poor skipper, as he passed his paws around the little brute's neck, with his hat over his eyes.

"Colonel"—said Burns, as he reined up, and gave the perverse little donkey a cut with his whip, which elicited another hoarse roar from the old sailor as the animal half doubled himself up, and then ambled away like a yawl in a short sea, until he came up to the people ahead, when he stood stock-still, and brayed maliciously—"have you another cigar, Colonel? Thankee! Fine scenery this about here—never visited Jamaica before? Ye have been off the island, eh? It's a nate little spot Piron has there—that it is; and the whole of us will be mighty sorry to lose him. Is he going to lave? Yes, he is; and what is worse, he is going to take his swate wife and her sister. Is the sister handsome? Begorra! handsome! Why, man, she's a beauty! And didn't I crack the elbow-joint of that ugly, abusive divil, Peter Growler, for saying he had seen a gray hair in her head, when I knew it was only a loose thread from her lace cap—and me in love with her all the time. Bad luck to him! He's never fired a pistol since."

Here Paddy Burns's small eyes twinkled as he slowly raised the stock of his riding-whip at a slender lance-wood tree about twelve yards off, and gave the lash a sharp crack.

The person on the spirited barb almost unconsciously put his right hand in his pocket.

Take care, Paddy Burns; the Colonel has a cool hand and a colder eye, and has made a study of pistols—cannon and swivels too, perhaps. Knows the cutlass exercise as well, and has had considerable experience in bullets, knives, and ropes. Has murdered women—lots of them. Wouldn't stick at killing a child with a junk bottle. And as for men—pshaw!



"SHE LAY A BRIDAL CORPSE IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS."

Keep a bright look-out, Paddy. Why, he'd drown your mother if you had a sister to love. For didn't he drag his own old father and mother down to a dishonored grave? and do you think—you brave, honest little Irishman—that he would sleep a wink the less sound for putting you to death? Bah! man. Shoot all the game you spring, but don't waste powder on a tiger or a shark. You would like to take a mutual shot with him though? Of course you would—who doubts it? But then, gentlemen fight gentlemen; and this Colonel at your elbow is a scoundrel, miscreant, villain, assassin, and—Pirate! So you can't take a crack at him, Paddy Burns.

CHAPTER XL.

PAUL DARCANTEL.

"WELL, Piron, as I have told you, after the peace was made in 1815 I had command of a brig, and took a cruise on the coast of Brazil. After that I was appointed to a thirty-six gun frigate—the old *Blazer*—and went, for three years, to the East Indies, and round home by the Pacific. When we were paid off I made a tour in Europe with that boy's father, Doctor Darcantel, and—"

"But you promised to tell me, Cleveland, something about him."

"Nothing easier; and if we have half an hour before we get to Escondido I will give you all I know, in a general way, of his history. Yes? Well, then, Darcantel is descended from one of the oldest and best Creole families in our State of Louisiana, and the plantations of my family and his father were contiguous to each other on the Mississippi, some leagues up the coast above New Orleans. We had the same tutor when we were children, and we grew up from infancy to boyhood together. He was passionate and ungovernable, even as a child; but as he was the heir to a large estate, and his father dead, his weak mother humored and allowed no one to curb him. I, myself, one of a numerous family, was put in the navy, and I went away on cruise after cruise and did not get home again to the old plantation for full seven years. I was a man then, had seen some active service, and I held a commission as a lieutenant in the navy.

"In the mean while, Paul Darcantel, who had taken at the time I left a strong fancy for medicine and surgery, had been sent to France to begin his studies. How he applied himself we do not know; but with a large letter of credit he spent a great deal of money; and we heard that, with great talents and wonderful skill in his profession, he was yet unfitted for close application, and plunged madly into the vortex of dissipation around him. I heard, too—or at least my brothers told me—that his extravagances had seriously impaired his fortune, and that his duels had been so numerous and desperate as to make his name dreaded even in Paris. On one occasion, at a café, he had cut a bullying hussar's head clean off with his own sabre for knocking a woman down; and in another duel, where he had detected a French count cheating him at cards, he shot his nose off for a bet. With this unenviable reputation, and at the urgent solicitations of his agent, after years of absence he returned to his ancestral home. We met as of old—it was Paul and Henry—and though still the same restive, hot-headed spirit as he had ever been, he yet always listened patiently to what I said, and I could, in a manner, control him. He paid very little attention to his property, however, and when he did go to the city to consult with his factor or trustee, he got in some wild frolic, duel, and scrape, and came back worn out with fatigue and dissipation. He was a fine, stern-looking youth in those days, with great muscular power, which, even with the endurance put upon it by gaming and drinking, seemed not to be lessened.

"After one of these visits to New Orleans, where his long-forbearing agents had at last awakened him to a bitter sense of his delinquencies, and when mortgage upon mortgage were laid with all their shocking truth before him, he returned and came to me. With all his vices and faults he was truthful and generous. He told me all, and how he would try to do better and soothe the declining years of his too indulgent mother.

"I always had great faith in the companion almost of my cradle, and I loved him, I think, better than my own brothers. Well, he spread all his affairs before me, and in my little den of an outhouse on the plantation we both went systematically over the papers. We were two days and nights at the business, and when, at last, I showed him that he would still, with a little prudent economy, have a fair income, and eventually, perhaps, redeem his hereditary property, he burst out in a wild yell of delight and hugged me in his arms. When he had put away the papers, I said,

"'Paul, you know I am engaged to be married, and I have not seen my sweet-heart for two whole days; she has a sister, too, prettier than my Fifine, whom you have never seen since we were boys together. Come, will you go with me? we can pull ourselves across the river.'

"He hesitated; and it would have been, perhaps, better had he refused to accompany me, for dreadful misery came of it."

The Commodore gave a deep sigh, and touched his horse with the spur.

"I don't know, though, Piron: there is a fate marked out for us all, and we should not exclaim against the decrees of Providence. Paul went with me across the river. There, on the bank, was a little bower of an old French-built stone house, where dwelt the last of a line of French nobility who dated back to the days of Charlemagne. It was an impoverished family, consisting of a reckless brother and two sisters, who, with a few acres of sugar-cane and some old faithful servants, managed to make both ends meet, and to support the establishment in a certain air of elegance and comfort to which they had been accustomed. They were of a proud and haughty race; the brother a disdainful and imperious gentleman, smarting and brooding over the reverses of his family, and rarely visiting his neighbors. His sisters—and they were twins—were trustful, happy girls, and Josephine had been my childish love."

Here Cleveland bent over his saddle-bow, and if the quiet old horse he bestrode believed the large drops which fell upon his sleek neck came from the clouds or the drooping foliage of the forest, that animal was never more deceived in his quadruped life. We know that fact, for it stands upon the angelic record.

"Well, my dear Piron, as we entered the little saloon where Fifine was seated at the piano playing the sweet airs she had sung to me when a little bit of a girl, and her beautiful sister bending over a table near absorbed in a book, while the candles under the glass shades lighted up her dark passionate eyes and brunette complexion, Paul approached her. It was not love at first sight, because they had played together when children, but it was such a love as only begins and dies with man or woman. The brother came in soon afterward, but there was no love exchanged between him and Paul, and they met in a manner which seemed to revive the early dislike they had entertained one toward the other in boyhood.

"So the time passed, and in the course of a few months Josephine and I were married, and our home was made on my own old place. Still, night by night, in storm or freshet, Paul pulled himself in a skiff across that mighty river, and we could see the lights shining to a late hour in the little bower. He had changed a great deal, for he loved with the whole force of his fiery and impetuous nature. Pauline loved, too, though still she feared him. The brother, however, bitterly opposed their union, and stormy scenes arose. Josephine and I did all we could to put matters on a happy footing; but Jacques, the brother, grew more determined as his sister refused to cast off her lover, till at last his feeling against him broke out into open scornful insult; and though Paul still persisted in seeing Pauline, yet we feared that the impetuous spirits of the two men would, at any moment, burst out into open violence.

"Darcantel, however, controlled himself, avoided as much as possible any altercations with Jacques, applied himself to the duties of his plantation, and always promised me that he would wait and see if time would not induce the brother to give his consent to the marriage. Meanwhile, Paul's mother died. A year passed. Fifine gave me a little boy, who was called after me, and then I went again to sea. Nearly three years later I returned, and the very night before I reached the plantation a dreadful tragedy had occurred. I might, perhaps, have prevented it had I been there, but it was ordered otherwise.

"It seems that two days previously Jacques wrote to Paul—I saw the letter—and it was something painful to read; for he not only recapitulated his vices and follies, but he taxed him with being a ruined gambler, who had brought his mother in sorrow to the grave, and ended by swearing, in the most solemn manner, that if he dared again to speak to his sister or darken their doors he would shoot him like a dog!

"That evening, as usual, the skiff pursued its way across the river, and late at night when it returned there was a fluttering white dress in the stern. Scarcely, however, had the skiff left the bank than a boat shoved out from the other side, manned by four negroes, and came swiftly over in pursuit. What afterward transpired I heard from an old married couple of servants who had passed their lives with the family. It appears that Paul, with Pauline in his arms, had barely reached the hall of the great house, and was giving orders to close the doors when Jacques rushed in with a naked rapier in one hand and a pistol in the other. Paul adjured him, by all he held sacred, not to attack him, as his blood was up, and, unarmed as he was, he would do him a mischief. Pauline, too, implored him by a sister's love to desist; but seeing him still advance, as she partially shielded Paul, she told him that the man she loved was her husband.

"Blinded with haughty rage, this last admission rendered him ungovernable, and he lunged with all his force at Darcantel. Paul parried his rapid passes, though receiving some sharp thrusts in his arm and shoulder, and still supporting his drooping, terrified wife on his left arm till, by a quick spring, he got within Jacques' guard, and, seizing him by the wrist, wrenched the weapon from his grasp. This was enough to make the brother totally insane by passion from baffled revenge, when he leveled his pistol and fired. There was a faint cry with the report, and a groan from Jacques as the sword went through his body and heart till the hilt struck hard against his ribs as he fell, a dead man, on the marble pavement. But the bullet from his pistol had pierced the fair forehead of his sister, and she lay a bridal corpse in her husband's arms. It was horrible!

"I spare you all the afflicting details, Piron, and will only add that Paul left the plantation that night, and when I got home I found an envelope post-marked New Orleans, inclosing a paper, which constituted me his sole executor, and leaving our little boy his heir. I had but a short leave of a month, and duty called me again away. It was on the anniversary of the day the tragedy occurred, after another long interval of four years in the *Scourge*, that I again returned, and then there was wailing and moaning in my own dwelling. My poor Josephine had never recovered from the shock; she drooped away like a lily, her little boy by her side, and both died during my absence."

What makes the strong man's eyelids quiver and voice tremble? Those eyes that have looked calmly on death and carnage in every shape, with his deep, calm voice cheering on the men to battle at his side? Ah!

"It was midnight, and I walked out to the little grave-yard where my fathers had been buried, and bending my steps to a cluster of magnolias on a little mound by itself, I—I—a—kneeled down beside the sod where reposed all I had loved on earth! I do not know how long I remained there, but presently I heard a groan near by, and a tall man rose up from where he had been stretched, face downward, on the ground, and I beheld Paul Darcantel! I could hardly recognize him at first, for he seemed fifty years older than when we had last parted.

"'Cleveland,' he said, in a hollow, choking voice, 'forgive me! I am a changed, and, I trust, a better man. I have been drawn to this holy spot by the same errand which brought you hither, and though I did not expect to meet you, yet I am glad of it now. Speak, and say you forgive me, and you will shed a ray of hope and salvation into the heart of one who will suffer unto the end! Speak!'

"Old memories crowded around me, and I saw before me the child in the cradle, and with our arms round each other's necks as we played together. I forgot, for the moment, the sisters lying there—bride, mother, and baby-boy. The magnolias bowed their white flowers in the light of the waning moon, and we fell again into each other's arms.

"After a time, he said, 'My only friend, I have brought home with me a little helpless boy; he is named Henry, after you, and will take the place of the lost little one lying here. Whoever of us survives shall inherit that estate. Come with me and look at him!'

"He led me to the other mound, and there, beside the tree, a beautiful child lay calmly sleeping, wrapped in a sailor's jacket, with his curls escaping from a straw-hat, and the head resting on one arm on the grave beneath him.

"'Be good to him'—Paul went on—'for the sake of those we have lost ourselves!' His mother's name was Rosalie.'

"He stooped down as he said this, and raising the boy in his arms he kissed him passionately, and then put him gently in mine. 'Let him kneel sometimes at this grave, my friend, and pray for me.'

"In another moment Paul Darcantel had gone. The little fellow partly woke, and put his arms affectionately around my neck, and whispered, 'Maman, maman!' That dashing, brave young fellow ahead there was once that boy.

"Well, I took the child to the house, where my good mother and sisters went wild over him, and there he passed a happy boyhood. Years went by, and he grew apace, the pride and delight of us all; and as he evinced the greatest fondness for me and the accounts I gave him of my life at sea, I had him appointed a reefer in the navy. Since that he has seen a great deal of service; been distinguished in action; and, on shipboard as well as on shore, liked and respected by all who know him.

"In the mean while his father went away—nobody knew whither—for years and years. He wrote to me, however, and to his son, from all parts of the world; and when I made the tour in Europe I spoke about, Darcantel was my companion. But while there he passed a retired life, never went into society, but visited every hospital in every sea-port from the Mediterranean to Aberdeen in Scotland—for he is not only a surgeon, as I have reason to know, of wonderful skill, but a thorough-bred seaman too; and when he has been with me on board ship there is no one whose opinion of the weather, or other nautical matters, do I place greater reliance on. I could tell you of half a dozen times when his advice to me has saved serious damage. And during all these years Darcantel's estates, under the careful supervision of my eldest brother, have been redeemed from their load of debt, and now he enjoys a noble income; or rather, he spends nothing on himself, but devotes it to widows and orphans, and sick or worn-out sailors.

"In the seventeen years which have gone by since he brought his child to me he has made several visits, of a month or two's duration, to the plantations, but only when Henry was on leave from duty. Then it was a pleasant sight to see them both together, and the touching air of affection which bound the youth to his father. Henry, from a child, often went and prayed beside the grave under the magnolias; and to this day he believes that his own mother lies buried there. Perhaps it is as well that he should cherish this early belief; for I may tell you in confidence, Piron, that we believe there at home that he is the illegitimate offspring of some erring passion of Darcantel, though none of us have ever learned it positively from his father's lips. He is not a person to be questioned by any one, not even by me; and as he seems anxious to throw a thick vail over the past, we never venture to draw it aside.

"When, however, I was appointed to my present command, Darcantel desired to sail with me, and see the West India islands, which he had not visited for an age. I was only too happy to have him, especially as Harry there—whom I love like a father—was named to the little schooner he had cut out in Africa on his last cruise, and ordered to join my squadron. But whenever we get into port his father goes quietly on shore; passes his time, I think, among the sailors of the foreign shipping, spending money freely among the deserving, and again coming back in his calm, stern way. He told me, however, Piron, yesterday, that perhaps he might accept your kind invitation to come up here, though not for some days. By George!" said the Commodore, "that must be Escondido!"

Piron sighed, as if a pleasant dream had vanished.

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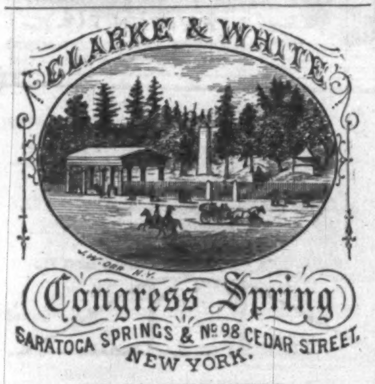

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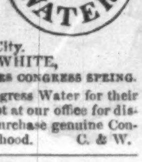

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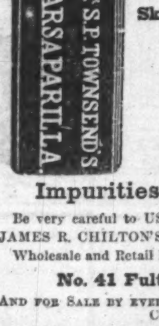

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